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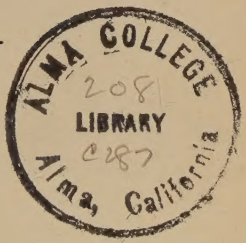

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A TALE OF MEXICAN HORRORS

By the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J.

Some ten years ago, when Mr. Rider Haggard first published his novel, *Montezuma's Daughter*, in which figured a walled-up nun, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as some of my readers may remember, opened its columns to a correspondence upon the truth of this alleged mediæval practice of immuring religious alive.[1] In a footnote printed in the novel referred to Mr. Haggard claimed to have seen with his own eyes the desiccated remains of two such victims exhibited under a glass case in the National Museum of Mexico. After long discussion, in which sundry No-Popery writers of very extreme views took an animated part, the remains which Mr. Haggard had seen were declared by an official of the Museum to be bodies taken from the public cemetery,[2] and were identified as those of persons not long deceased. The name of one at least of these persons was known, and there was nothing exceptional about their history except the curious state of preservation in which the

[1] See *The Myth of the Walled-up Nun* and *The Immuring of Nuns*. C.T.S. 1d. each.

[2] This letter of Señor Ágreda, the official in question, was printed in one of the leading Mexican daily papers, the *Tiempo*, and was translated in *The Month* for April, 1894. The Spanish text may also be found in the convincing pamphlet, called *Las Armas del Protestantismo*, published by a Mexican writer under the pseudonym of "Adams." (Mexico, Imp. de *El Tiempo*, Leandro valle 1, 1894).

remains had been found. They were exhibited in the Museum, the official further explained, to illustrate this phenomenon of natural mummification, which was of not infrequent occurrence in the masonry tombs formerly used within the precincts of the city.[1] Furthermore, certain English archæologists of eminence assured the novelist that he was mistaken in supposing that any such punishment as walling up alive in a niche was enjoined in the monastic or conventual rules of the Middle Ages. So far as England was concerned, they expressed their strong conviction that all such stories were purely fictitious. As a result, Mr. Rider Haggard modified and eventually withdrew the obnoxious statement, and in the later editions of *Montezuma's Daughter*, the foot-note which has caused so much disturbance is no longer found.

While the *Pall Mall* correspondence, however, was still in its early stages, a number of new and confusing elements were introduced into the discussion by Mr. Haggard's supporters. They cited authorities to show that whole hecatombs of victims had been made away with in Mexico, condemned, as they averred, to the anguish of a living death in

[1] The soil of the city of Mexico, and its situation in the midst of a lake, renders ordinary interment impracticable on a large scale within the precincts of the city. Water begins to accumulate in almost any excavation when it reaches a few feet below the surface. Following the practice still common in many parts of Southern Europe, the dead, until quite recent times, were disposed of in tombs or in oven-shaped horizontal niches, tiers of which were constructed in solid piles of masonry. In these niches, the tissues are ordinarily reduced to dust, while the bones often remain intact. In the cheaper class of sepultures the cell, after a certain lapse of time, was opened, cleared, and made ready for a new occupant. In cases in which no coffin had been used, the bones were then heaped together in a common pit, or bestowed more reverently in a charnel-house. This manner of temporary sepulture seems to have been common all over Mexico. It may be added that in Rome a somewhat similar practice prevails in regard to the burial of the Pope. The viscera having been previously removed, the body remains for some years in the wall of St. Peter's before it is conveyed to a final resting-place.

narrow chambers of brick or stone. Whether these were walled-up nuns or prisoners of the Inquisition, is a point upon which their accounts conflicted ; but there were at least definite statements as to the place and time of the discovery of these ghastly remains, and the names of certain Nonconformist divines, men who seemed to possess some sort of standing among their co-religionists, were cited as making themselves responsible for the correctness of the facts. Although these new horrors could only be regarded as distracting attention from the main issue, still it seemed desirable to get to the bottom of the matter, if that were possible. Accordingly, in endeavouring to obtain from some Mexican friends satisfactory evidence upon the point originally raised by Mr. Haggard, I also solicited information about these subsidiary indictments. My friends were very good to me ; and though some months passed away before all the documents reached England, the evidence which they eventually supplied was of a most ample and satisfactory description. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, the interest taken in far-off mystifications of this sort dies away as rapidly as it blazes up. The Rider Haggard dispute was practically settled, the correspondence in the *Pall Mall Gazette* had long been closed, the whole discussion had come to seem stale and unprofitable before the really valuable testimonies, procured at the cost of much personal inconvenience by my kind Mexican friends, came into my hands. I accordingly renounced the intention of printing them then, but as such discussions are apt to recur, I kept the documents themselves in reserve for some future occasion. Seeing that an attempt seems recently to have been made by some of the extreme No-Popery journals to recall these alleged Mexican horrors to memory, and to make them the subject of renewed declamation,[1] perhaps the present time may be as

[1] See, for instance, *The Protestant Woman* (December, 1903), which tells anew the whole story of Dr. Butler's supposed discoveries, as if his narration had never been copied or quoted before.

suitable as any for carrying out my original intention, at least in part.

Let us begin with an extract which shows that these fables, preposterous as they may seem, are not the exclusive monopoly of the lower type of evangelical newspaper. It is only a few years since I met the following statement in an American periodical of high repute, *The Overland Monthly*. The article itself, descriptive of Mexico and Mexican life, was the work of a writer deservedly esteemed for his contributions to archæological and artistic subjects.

> It was at the time of the execution of the decree of 1859, nationalizing the property of the religious orders, that the monastery (of Santo Domingo) was dismantled and a large part of it standing in the rear of the church was left in ruins. Excavations being made on the premises about that time — partly in fruitless search for immense treasures supposed to be buried there—revealed the existence of a subterranean passage-way connecting the monastery with the hall of the Inquisition, and also horrible dungeons, from which were taken mummies and skeletons of victims of the Holy Office. For years the mummies were a ghastly adornment of the rooms of the National Museum. There were both men and women.

He refers elsewhere to "the twisted necks and protruding tongues," as indicating that the mummies were those of some unusual class of criminals.

For more exact details, however, we had better go to an earlier account; and the earliest I can find is that contained in a book called the *History of the Inquisition*, by a former Wesleyan missionary and most prolific writer, Dr. William Rule. The passage which now concerns us is only to be met with in the third edition of this work published in 1880. The writer professes to quote from an account sent him from Mexico by a fellow missionary, Dr. Butler, and he introduces the story by the statement that Dr. Butler had purchased for the Methodists "the old Inquisition Palace of Puebla which was also the building in which Cortes held his first memorable

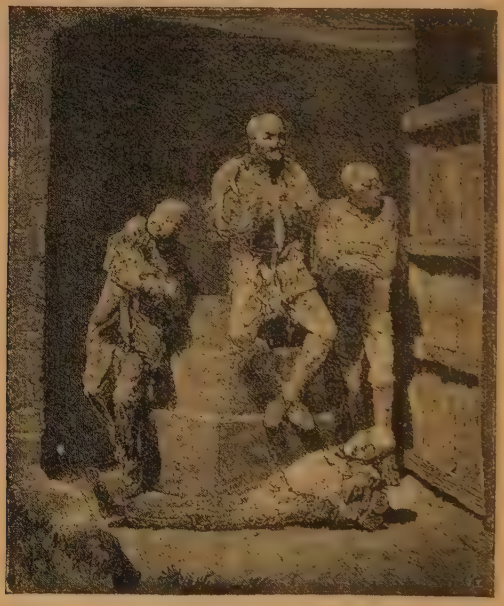
interview with Montezuma."[1] It will be convenient to quote Dr. Rule's description in the slightly abbreviated form in which it was presented by one of the correspondents in the *Pall Mall* controversy. It is important to remember that the supposed scene of the discovery is Puebla, not Mexico.

In the basement of the old building was a long gallery, inside the main hall of the edifice, which is very massive. Beneath the pavement were discovered the remains of about 200 human bodies. The skeletons lay along the gallery side by side, and for economizing space shoulder to foot and foot to shoulder alternately. . . . While the exhumation of the 200 skeletons was going on, another discovery was made. What seemed to be the interior face of the main wall, not interrupted by door or window, was for some distance smooth, with a brick facing, but in some places along the smooth part the bricks had been broken away from the floor upwards, disclosing spaces resembling very narrow closets, empty as if rifled of their contents. These breakages excited suspicion that the remaining unbroken surface might cover similar recesses. Dr. Butler therefore had that part of the wall sounded with hammers, in four places found it hollow, and had the bricks carefully removed. To the horror, surely, of the explorers, four human bodies met their view. One man sitting on a stone; two men standing; one woman laid on her back, with a bundle at her feet, said to contain an infant. They were all carefully removed to the public Museum of the city of Mexico, where they may be now seen just as they were when put into a wooden case, varnished in hope of preserving them entire and covered with glass. . . . The heads of three of them, if not all four, had been shaven, or the hair cropped close; and we know that this was the first thing done before laying a heretic on the rack. The legs were made fast in fetters, which we see confined the ankles. As to their dress, the victims found were dressed all alike, and that a stout cloak or cape was wrapped round each. The flesh was not at all decayed. The integuments were dried and wasted. . . . The state of these bodies in the year 1873, however it may be accounted for, shows that the walling up alive is not only, if at all, one of the practices of the Inquisition in past ages, but that it has been carried on far within the present century. These persons must have been walled up some short time before the expulsion of the Inquisitors from Mexico. The immuration must have taken place in that later period when even enslaved

[1] The utter absurdity of all this has been well exposed by "Adams," *Las Armas del Protestantismo*, pp. 79, seq. The interview did not take place at Puebla, but in the city of Mexico.

American Spaniards would not have borne the sight of a fellow-citizen burning in the open city.[1]

The engraving which is annexed in Dr. Rule's book, and is reproduced here, as well as the character of the original permits, represents exactly



ENGRAVING TAKEN FROM DR. RULE'S "HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION."

Said to represent "walled-up victims found in the Inquisition at Puebla, Mexico." Reduced from the original.

what he describes—four figures in a group, ghastly enough certainly, with faces drawn and distorted. It is important to remember that this account professes to rest on Dr. Butler's authority, that the figures depicted were discovered *after* the disinter-

[1] Rule, *History of the Inquisition* (1880), vol. ii. p. 382, g. seq.

ment of the two hundred skeletons beneath the pavement, that the four bodies were found in a group as photographed, and that this all took place under the direct personal supervision of Dr. Butler.

Now, in 1892, this Dr. William Butler published in the United States a substantial octavo volume, which has since gone through four if not five editions, entitled *Mexico in Transition*. In this, he reproduces the photograph of the four bodies, no doubt a copy of the same photograph as that sent to Dr. Rule, and the photograph is accompanied with his own description of the circumstances under which it was taken. The account runs as follows :

These immense premises of the Dominican monks (the Inquisitorial order) fell at last into the hands of the Republican forces, and the people, especially those from whose homes father, brothers, or sons had disappeared, and of whose fate something might be learned within those walls, demanded permission to search, as did the Parisians at the Bastille. The request was granted, and the excited searchers went through the whole establishment from the ground to the roofs ; a few survivors were found, but the majority of seekers were disappointed. Baffled and enraged, they were about to leave, when some one remarked the amazing thickness of the walls. A new train of thought was started. The walls were struck and at places seemed to sound hollow to the blow. Tools were procured, openings made, and within narrow cells were found those whom they sought manacled and ghastly, not arrayed in grave vestments, but their daily clothing, as when last seen. Twelve such cells were found and opened, each with its occupant. Truly this was "bringing to light the hidden things of darkness." These victims of Rome's cruelties, buried alive for freedom, or for Christ, or both, it may be, were tenderly lifted out into the open *patio* and a photographer called. A flower-stand was near, and four of the martyrs who were recent enough to be handled without breaking up, though not recognizable, were placed against it, and the sun has painted for us the faithful and enduring proof which the Liberals of Mexico can hand down in evidence to future generations of what the Church of Rome did with their fellow-countrymen. From one of these photographs in our possession the picture opposite was copied.

The cells were four feet six inches on the square and seven feet high. The need for the thick walls was thus explained. These spaces were left open when building until the victim was condemned and bound in the Examining Chapel above, and brought down to the corridor where the cells were located. He or she

(for women were among the number) was placed in a cell, a "Brother" of the Order who was handy with the trowel was ready to build up the entrance before their face, and leave them to a horrible death, while a coat of plaster and whitewash made all invisible, and these fiends in human form may have supposed that they had sealed up their crime for ever, and buried their secret beyond discovery. Two bodies of such sufferers may still be seen in a glass case in the National Museum in Mexico City.[1]

Now, it might be supposed by any one who read this account that Dr. Butler was in substantial agreement with Dr. Rule, save that from motives of modesty he had kept his own personal share in the proceedings in the background. Whether it was intended to convey this impression and so to avoid contradicting too plainly Dr. Rule's narrative published twelve years earlier, I do not venture to say; but a careful examination of Dr. Butler's book reveals the fact that so far from Dr. Butler having played the leading part in the breaking open of the niches, the discovery took place, if ever it took place at all, at least six years before he arrived in Mexico.

Dr. Butler's own narrative records[2] that he first came to Mexico in 1873. Now the secularization of religious property took place in 1859, and though some communities may have hung together until the downfall of the Emperor Maximilian, still, at the latest, the religious houses to which he refers were all broken up in 1867 upon the success of the revolutionary forces, and to this event the writer himself seems clearly to allude. If therefore the discovery of the niches was not made until Dr. Butler himself arrived upon the scene, the agonized relatives of the victims of the Inquisition must have waited six years after the departure of the last Dominican before it occurred to them to go in search of their missing kinsfolk. But it is hardly necessary to argue the matter, for after the thrilling narrative I have just quoted of the rifling of the twelve cells, Dr. Butler

[1] *Mexico in Transition.* By William Butler, D.D. (of the Methodist Episcopal Church), pp. 293, 294.

[2] p. 281.

quietly adds : "One cell, making the thirteenth, was overlooked, and not opened until *we* came into possession of the premises." It was at the discovery of this cell that a Mr. Ludlow, Dr Butler's architect, assisted, and he has stated in a private letter to a friend of mine,[1] as well as in a letter published by Mr. Haggard, that nothing but a skeleton was there. The penitential dress, therefore, the manacles, the shaved heads, and the other details, all depend solely upon the evidence of a photograph taken, nobody knows under what circumstances, six years at least before Dr. Butler arrived in the country.

What the value of the rest of the story may be, I mean the action of the excited searchers from whose homes "father, brothers, or sons disappeared," we may judge from these two facts :

First, that the Inquisition had been absolutely and finally abolished in Mexico in 1820. The Dominican Order, with which the Inquisition in Mexico was never officially identified, remained until 1859, but the Inquisition had ceased to exist thirty-nine years before this.

Secondly, that there never was any Inquisition building in Puebla at all. The only establishment of the kind in the country was in the city of Mexico itself.

Both of these facts are notorious to all who have made any serious investigation into the matter, but I will venture to quote some of the extremely valuable testimonies which have been sent me through the kindness of friends as above explained.

The longest and most valuable of these was written by the late Señor Garcia Icazbalceta, President of the Mexican Academy, and author of numerous works on Mexican antiquities. His authority on any archæological question was as undisputed in Mexico, as would be that of the President of the Society of Antiquaries in Eng-

[1] The originals of this and other similar documents were all sent to me, and most of them still remain in my possession.

land. I make no apology for quoting his statement in full.

After protesting his reluctance to discuss so worthless a fable, and after declaring that it was only a deep personal regard which induced him to comply with his correspondent's request, Señor Icazbalceta continues :

I do not consider it necessary to waste time over the question of the mummies in the (Mexican) Museum. Upon this head Señor Agreda [1] has already given a satisfactory reply, and there can be no dispute about the authenticity of his letter. Thanks to our long-standing friendship I have already learned from his own lips that the letter in question was his. Moreover, it has been published in various newspapers, and if it were a fabrication, the writer over whose name it appeared would certainly have protested. No one can doubt Señor Ágreda's probity or his good faith, and moreover in the department of our ecclesiastical antiquities, he is the most competent authority I know. As for the mummies in the Museum, the cemeteries, as he has already pointed out, were not rifled in order to obtain specimens to exhibit. We are all aware that when a burial-place is not purchased outright, it is only acquired for a specified number of years, and when this term has run out, if there is no one to pay for a new assignment, the corpses are exhumed and the remains deposited in the common burial pit (*osario*). On occasion of these periodical exhumations, curious cases of mummification are wont to come to light, and these are occasionally preserved, though rarely so, as objects of scientific interest. Let this much suffice with regard to the mummies in the Museum.

Now the first reflection which suggests itself on hearing of so many cases of persons walled up alive is to ask : What foundation is there for saying so ? Must every desiccated corpse be necessarily that of a person walled up, and walled up alive ? The grounds alleged are that these corpses exhibit on their arms and legs marks of having been bound, and that the contortions of the limbs and the expression of terror in the faces are proof positive of some such violent death as that by immuring.

As regards the ligatures, I invite reference to what Señor Ágreda has already said on the subject ; and I will only add that many persons have the custom of tying the wrists of a corpse immediately after death in order to keep the hands in

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[1] This was the official of the Mexican National Museum, referred to above. His letter to the *Tiempo* was translated, as I have already said, and printed entire in *The Month* for April, 1894.

position upon the breast and thus enable them to clasp a crucifix. These ligatures, which I have often seen, necessarily leave marks on the wrists, and in some cases deep ones. Moreover, I consider it difficult to determine whether the marks observed on the mummies are due to ligatures or to some other cause. Again, the contortions or unnatural postures which are sometimes witnessed are not necessarily due to the anguish resulting from burial alive in a narrow cell. They may have arisen from the gradual and unequal desiccation of the muscular tissues which do not contract simultaneously, and hence produce notable dislocations even in the skeleton itself. The gruesome expression of the features is natural enough in these shrivelled remains, and there is no necessity for setting it down specially to terror. A cheerful countenance in a corpse is something I have never seen in my life.

The curious part of the story is that most if not all of these bodies are those of persons really and truly "walled up"—only not alive, but *dead;* quite, quite dead. Those who have resided in Mexico know that on account of the dampness of the subsoil it was for a long period not the custom to inter bodies in the ground, because they would presently be lying in water instead of in earth. In the cemeteries tiers of small chambers were constructed one over another above ground in a mass of solid masonry, which chambers were intended to serve as places of sepulture for future occupants, who thus came literally to be "walled up." Thus there still exists in the heart of the city the cemetery of San Fernando, in which repose walled up various members of my own family. Even after this method of burial had for sanitary reasons been prohibited, and the new cemeteries had been removed to a distance from the city in order to reach higher and drier soil in which graves could be dug, these graves were lined with masonry and covered over with flagstones, so that the walling-up continues to this day.

Monks and nuns were buried within their own conventual precincts in places destined for that purpose. There in the walls, ordinarily very thick, tombs were constructed and closed with a partition of clay, and consequently the dead remained immured. When the revolution took possession of the monasteries, and then either sold or demolished them, these immured bodies came to view, and hence arose the fantastical stories spread abroad by foreigners who either had malevolent and interested ends to serve, or who at least were ignorant of our history and customs. Señor "Xóchil,"[1] who claims to have

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[1] Señor Icazbalceta here refers to a letter bearing this signature which was published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* while the Rider Haggard correspondence was going on. "Xóchil" is evidently intended to represent the Mexican name "Xóchitl," but the writer has blundered by leaving out the *t*, showing by this fact alone how far from intimate was his acquaintance with

passed seven years in Mexico, and to have devoted much time "to the study of early history," has failed to derive much profit from his studies, since he asserts that in Mexico it is well known that there were instances of immured nuns, and that the most bigoted Catholics would not venture to deny the fact—a preposterous untruth. Nobody of any weight or standing has ever believed in these immurings. When the revolution triumphed in 1861 and the monasteries were pulled down, a great noise was made about the mummies found in Sto. Domingo, which people sought to attribute to this cause. Sensible men laughed at the idea, and in the end it was made clear that they were the bodies of religious who had died and been buried within their monastery. A pamphlet[1] was even brought out at the time, giving the names, biography, and circumstances attending the decease of these several persons. In spite of that a foreigner purchased some of the mummies as a speculation, exhibiting them for money in various places with the usual story about walled-up victims to stimulate interest and increase the takings at the cost of his dupes. Later on (I cannot recall the exact date) you yourself, happening to be in Puebla, wrote to me that they were exhibiting (I think it was in Belgium) a mummy said to be that of Father Nicolas de Segura, S.J., whose remains repose peacefully to this day in the church of the Professed House. The revolution violated almost all the tombs in the monasteries. At the opening up of the Calle de Gante I saw a great heap composed of the bones of the religious entombed in the Church of St. Francis; and amid that *débris* of human remains, thus profaned and shovelled together in piteous confusion, were to be found those of the first apostles of our country, relics which deserved rather to be enshrined in a mausoleum at the public expense. Still, no one thought that the presence of those bodies in the Church of St. Francis was due to any criminal cause.

Señor "Xóchil" affirms that the *iniquities* of the Church were so scandalous that the Government had to take action in the matter, and expelled all the monks and nuns from the country. No wholesale expulsions of this sort ever took place. Monks and nuns were indeed evicted; but not from the country, only

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Mexican antiquities. In the book already mentioned, *Las Armas del Protestantismo*, p. 43, the suggestion is made, seemingly with excellent reason, that "Xóchil," from internal evidence, may be identified with the proprietor of a pseudo-scientific exhibition of Aztec remains, which in 1886–1887 travelled through many parts of the United States, exhibiting as its principal attraction two mummified corpses alleged to be the remains of victims of the Inquisition. (See further Croonenberghs, *Trois Ans dans l'Amérique Septentrionale*, 1893, vol. iii. p. 157.)

[1] The title-page and two of the lithographic illustrations of this little book are reproduced in the present paper, pp. 19, 21, 23.

from their convents; and the motive, apart from the hatred of Catholicity, was the desire to get possession of the buildings in order to sell or demolish them. The thought of the supposed *iniquities* of the Church had nothing to say to it. The Religious Order claimed no power whatsoever over the lives of their members. They could only inflict certain penalties determined by their rule, which did not exceed imprisonment, fasting, or the discipline. If they had ventured (as they did not) to inflict capital punishment, they would have incurred the gravest responsibility, a risk they would not have encountered with impunity. The Church of Mexico was at all times very far from enjoying independence of State control.

After the monks and nuns, the Inquisition of course had next to be brought upon the scene. Mr. Ludlow, the purchaser of the church of the Inquisition in Puebla, has accomplished a very marvellous feat, that of buying a thing that never existed. Dr. Guinness comes not far behind when he assures us that two hundred victims were immured in the building that belonged to the Inquisition in Puebla alone.[1] Every one knows that throughout the whole extent of what now is or at any time formed part of the Mexican Republic, there never was any other tribunal or building belonging to the Inquisition except that in [the city of] Mexico. It did not possess a *church* of its own even in Mexico. The Rev. Dr. Butler, who I believe still resides here, must have reached a very advanced age, since, when at the "fall" of the Inquisition its buildings were sold, he declares that he purchased one of them, in which he found two hundred skeletons and four mummies. The Inquisition was definitively abolished in May, 1820 (seventy-four years ago), and the buildings were not sold but remained in the hands of the Government, which applied them to various uses (one that of a State prison) till the year 1850, when a portion was sold to the Archbishop to form a Seminary and College. At present it is occupied by the School of Medicine. What Dr. Butler purchased was, I am well aware, the church and part of the monastery of St. Francis; there he would meet with those skeletons (if, in fact, he did meet with them), of which an account has already been given.

The Inquisition of Mexico never itself pronounced or executed a capital sentence—a fact well known to every one acquainted with the constitution of the tribunal. Whenever it encountered a crime subject by law to that penalty, it handed over the culprit to the civil authority, which pronounced and executed the

[1] Dr. Guinness offers no independent testimony for this statement, but he professes to have seen with his own eyes "the remains of several victims who have been walled up alive by the Inquisition." Some were exhibited, he averred, in the public museum in the city of Mexico, others in a museum at Toluca. (*The City of the Seven Hills*, p. 300.)

sentence. By supposition it possessed no power to wall up any one alive, nor, in fact, have any human remains been found within its precincts. There was no occasion for the use of any dark and mysterious practices for the infliction of such punishments as it was empowered to impose; on the contrary, it gave them the greatest possible publicity in the Autos da Fé; but in these the death penalty was not inflicted by the Inquisition, as such. The sentence, as I have said, was carried out in the name and by the authority of the civil arm. The Inquisition was a legally established tribunal and had no reason for shrouding its awards in darkness.

I am tired of refuting absurdities and you will be tired of reading their refutation; but the task once undertaken, it had to be carried through. You know me intimately, and you are well aware that for no consideration in this world would I tamper with the truth of history. By your long residence in this country you are yourself in a position to bear out the correctness of much that I say. If these accusations against the Church had any foundation, I should content myself with lamenting the fact in silence; no cause ought to be defended at the price of impostures and lies. Fortunately, I can say with complete confidence, that the authors of these statements are either absolutely ignorant of the history, laws, and customs of the country, or else are merely actuated by malice.

I subscribe myself again, as always, devotedly yours, &c., &c.,

JOACHIM GARCIA ICAZBALCETA.

Señor Icazbalceta was not only the President of the Mexican Academy and the most eminent authority upon Mexican antiquities at that time living,[1] but he was also, I believe, a loyal and practising Catholic. In case any one should consider that this last fact detracts from the value of his testimony I am able to quote other statements from distinguished Mexican men of letters who professed no allegiance to the Catholic Church. Here are two of the shortest of these letters, both written by men whose reputation as scholars is of the highest.[2] The letters are dated respectively April 16th, and April 18th, 1894. They were both addressed to the same friend to whom I owe the document just quoted.

[1] Many of Señor Icazbalceta's writings may be consulted in the British Museum Library, either as separately printed books or as contributions to the Proceedings of various learned societies.

[2] Both were members of the Academy of Mexico, and both have published works and articles dealing with the history and antiquities of their country.

You ask me my opinion on the immuring of those nuns: "victims who for sins against their vows, used to be buried alive in niches, where, in a few hours' time, the unfortunate women died suffocated." I will answer your question in all sincerity.

We are quite accustomed to see how certain foreign writers distort our history. They come to our country without any previous preparation, and when they have been here a few months, they think they understand all about it; while we Mexicans, after many years of constant devotion to the work, hardly think we have learned anything at all. I am not surprised, therefore, at Mr. Rider Haggard's statements; but it does amaze me that serious-minded men can believe him, and disregard the opinion, worthy of all respect, of Sr. Ágreda, who has grown old in studies of that kind.

All that Sr. Ágreda says about the mummies in the Museum, in his letter published in the *Tiempo*, on the 6th of March in this year, is the simple truth.

And as to the punishment of death, inflicted on nuns, by means of immuring, you must know quite well that the whole is a pure fable. It is a vulgar error which has not a scrap of evidence to support it.

This seems to me to be enough to answer your letter of the 20th ultimo, since the matter does not deserve to be seriously debated.

I am your devoted servant,

ALFREDO CHAVERO.

The second letter makes explicit mention of Señor Icazbalceta's statement printed above, which the writer had previously perused.

What you write about the famous mummies has made me feel as I always feel when I see the blunders made by outsiders about Mexico. Really, the whole thing is incomprehensible. When Mexico has been visited by so many strangers, many of them men of note, more accuracy about our affairs might have been expected. What Sr. Ágreda has said, and above all, the valuable letter which Sr. G. Icazbalceta wrote to you, is conclusive, and I do not hesitate to agree with every word of it, because it is the simple truth. You may likewise make whatever use you may think convenient of this declaration of mine. Nevertheless, I do not flatter myself with the hope that the errors will disappear because they are shown up; there is nothing more tenacious than the prejudices of sectarians, disposed to accept, without much examination, everything which, in their opinion, can favour their cause. Nevertheless, it is good to oppose them with the truth, which will conquer in the end.

J. M. VIGIL.

I am almost ashamed to add to these citations, but I print one more from a resident in Puebla, which alludes to information given in another letter also sent to me, denying that any one remembers the discovery of *mummies* in Puebla. It will be remembered that Mr. Ludlow only professes to have found bones.

Very esteemed and dear friend,—I have the pleasure of enclosing for you a letter from my father, in which you will find the information that you desire. I must tell you that my father holds at present the office of magistrate of the Supreme Tribunal of the State of Puebla, which necessarily proves that he has a knowledge of the matters to which you allude in your letter; besides he has lived almost constantly in the town since his earliest years. For my part I can tell you that I have never heard in the town of Puebla, anything said referring to such mummies, and I can assure you that the tribunal of the Inquisition never existed in the place. If you take the trouble to examine the official documents relating to that institution, you will see that in this country the tribunal was established only in the chief city in Mexico, and that in the other provinces it was only by chance if there was any functionary there.

As the Inquisition has been frequently confounded with the Order of the Dominicans, it may easily be that in saying that they found such and such things in the church and premises of the Inquisition, they have meant to signify the convent and church of the Dominican Fathers.

From your affectionate friend,

CLAUDIO LIMON Y SEGUÍ.

Puebla, April 19th, 1894.

Reviewing the ground over which we have travelled, it will be seen that the whole story of Inquisition horrors hopelessly breaks down. Dr. Rule declares in a much-quoted work published in 1880 that his friend Dr. Butler had found mummified remains in the Inquisition building at Puebla, that the same Dr. Butler had superintended their removal, had had them photographed under his own eyes, and had sent to England a copy of the photograph, an engraving of which is given in Dr. Rule's book. Twelve years later, Dr. Butler himself published a narrative of the occurrence, and while reproducing the same photograph, tells a story which differs from the first in

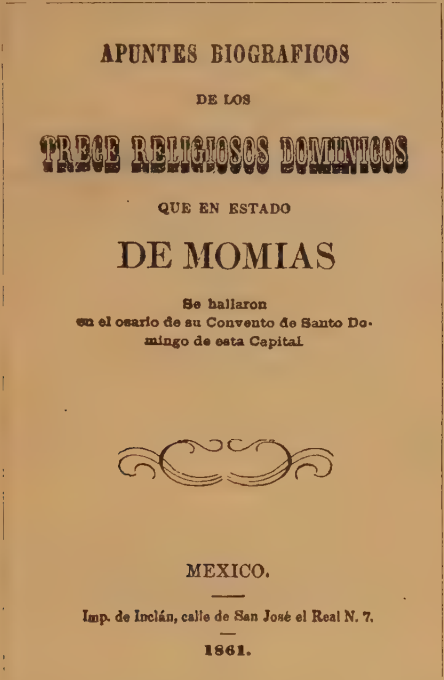
almost every essential particular. Instead of four niches we have twelve; instead of Dr. Butler in peaceful possession of the Palace of Montezuma directing the operations, we have an excited mob searching for their relatives; instead of a photograph taken *in situ*, we have a flower-stand and the open *patio*. But, what is most essential, Dr. Butler lets us see that so far from this photograph having been taken in his presence, the whole incident had occurred, if ever it occurred at all, six years before he set foot on Mexican soil. Notwithstanding this, he has no scruple in identifying the photograph which, for anything we know to the contrary, he purchased in the first print shop he came across, with the remains found at Puebla, and he reproduces the picture with the legend printed underneath it: "Martyrs of the Inquisition taken out of the cells in the wall, where they were buried alive." Let me pass over the fact that the most learned scholars of Mexico aver in precise terms that the Inquisition never owned any premises in Puebla, and that the whole institution which Dr. Rule infers to have been still engaged upon its nefarious work in the second half of the nineteenth century, was abolished more than eighty years ago. But I will add one word about the wonderful group of four Inquisition "martyrs" which has been reproduced here from Dr. Rule's pages, and which a fortunate accidente nables me to explain.

When in 1860, or thereabouts, the religious communities were broken up, and the monks and nuns, though not banished, were compelled to quit their convents, many of the houses belonging to them were sold to private speculators or converted by the Government to other uses. Amongst these, was the great Dominican Priory of Santo Domingo, in the city of Mexico. In the sacristy of this edifice behind the high altar of the great church, the religious, in accordance with a common custom, used to be interred, as Señor Icazbalceta has already in part explained. When the property was sold, this, as well

as the *osario* or charnel-house, was desecrated, and in a number of cases the bodies were found not turned to dust nor merely reduced to skeletons, but desiccated, converted by some exceptional conditions of atmosphere or temperature, which as above remarked, are fairly common in that climate, into natural mummies. Preserved in this way the remains were gruesome and unsightly objects, and it was not wonderful that amongst the more ignorant of the lower classes, and amongst the revolutionary leaders and other enemies of the clerical party, all sorts of stories were put in circulation.

To contradict these rumours a little *brochure*, as already mentioned, was published in 1861. This certainly forms the most curious portrait gallery and obituary record I have ever seen. Thirteen of these mummies (see title-page opposite) are roughly represented by a lithographic process and with each is given a short biography of the individual whose remains are thus portrayed. All the bodies found had inscriptions giving the names and date of interment, and as all these burials were comparatively recent, there was no difficulty in obtaining details of the lives of those whose portraits had been taken. The book seems to have been edited by a competent and scientific antiquary. In the Preface he shows conclusively that the bodies were all those of religious. It is true that they appear to the eye to be dressed in secular attire, some with gaiters and knee-breeches, others with cloaks. But the editor points out that all had originally been buried with the full Dominican habit, and while the outer cloak being made of wool had perished in all but one or two of the most recent specimens, the under garments which were of linen resisted longer. Similarly the cinctures and sandals were in every case found entire. There is not the least reason to doubt that this account is perfectly accurate ; but whether the mummies were those of religious or seculars matters little to our present purpose. The important fact is that here, amongst the mummies extracted in 1861 from Santo

Domingo in Mexico, are the originals of the figures reproduced by Dr. Butler and Dr. Rule and Dr. Guinness as victims of the Inquisition found on the premises of the Methodist establishment at Puebla. Although the reproductions are very rough, a careful



APUNTES BIOGRAFICOS

DE LOS

TRECE RELIGIOSOS DOMINICOS

QUE EN ESTADO

DE MOMIAS

Se hallaron
en el osario de su Convento de Santo Domingo de esta Capital

MEXICO.

Imp. de Inclán, calle de San José el Real N. 7.

1861.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE BROCHURE UPON THE MUMMIES FOUND IN THE DOMINICAN PRIORY IN MEXICO.
Reduced from the original.

investigation makes it plain beyond dispute that the four figures of Dr. Butler's group-photograph of martyrs are identical with the single figures of the *brochure* of 1861. The attitudes and distortion of the bodies are very marked, the tatters of garments

hanging from their withered limbs occur in exactly the same places, and the contours are the same. Allowing for the wretched nature of the reproductions in each case, whether engraving or lithograph, the accuracy of the correspondence is quite remarkable.[1] It is in this way that Dr. Butler's group of Inquisition martyrs resolves itself into the rude portraits of four Dominicans : Father Master Thomas Ahumada, the seated figure in the centre, a Spaniard of Malaga and a former Provincial of the Order, who died of a lung affection, aged 73, in 1842, and was accorded a public funeral ; Father Master Cervando Theresa de Mier, the figure on the spectator's right with the left shoulder raised (note also the position and relative preservation of the lower limbs), who died at the age of 64 in 1827 ; Father Matthias Castro, who died of apoplexy in 1837, is on the other side ; and Father Antonio Brito, who died in 1843 at the age of 75, is lying on the floor.

It is a curious fact that one of these four figures was in some sense a victim of the Inquisition, though he was certainly never walled up alive. Father Master Cervando Theresa de Mier, the second of those mentioned, was a famous preacher who fell under the grave disapproval of his superiors for what they considered his over-lax or liberal views. He was sent to Spain towards the close of the eighteenth century to be kept out of the way, and there he seems to have become for a while a fugitive from the Order and to have escaped, strange to say, to England, where he remained twelve years teaching Spanish, French, and other languages. He must in some way have managed to set himself right with

[1] The half-tone reproduction given in Dr. Butler's *Mexico in Transition* was not accessible to me for photographic purposes ; but it makes the resemblance plainer than Dr. Rule's inaccurate engraving reproduced on p. 6. The seated central figure in the group photograph has evidently been presented at a slightly different angle in the lithograph of 1861. That there should be some divergences seems inevitable when we remember that in one case a group photograph has been engraved, and in the other case single figures were sketched and lithographed.

LITHOGRAPH NO. 12 IN THE MEXICAN BROCHURE OF 1861.
Size of original.

the ecclesiastical authorities, for he was named Bishop of Baltimore about 1811. Returning however to England he was taken prisoner by a privateer, and falling into Spanish hands was incarcerated by the Inquisition of Mexico before the suppression of that institution. After this he seems to have taken a leading part in the political agitations of the country at that epoch, but as death drew near, he was reconciled with his brethren and died in the habit of the Order in 1827.

Of the identity of the four mummies of Santo Domingo with those depicted in the photograph of Dr. Butler, no one who fairly considers the evidence can have a moment's serious doubt. The little book which contains their pictures was printed in 1861. That four out of these thirteen lithographs should so exactly anticipate the attitudes of a group which professes to belong to a date several years later would be an incredible coincidence unless they really represented the same originals. While it is not necessary to maintain that Dr. Butler was deliberately conniving at fraud, there can be no question that the story of the taking of the photograph as he tells it is a pure romance. The mummies represented were found not in the Inquisition building of Puebla in 1867, as he asserts, but in the priory of Santo Domingo in the city of Mexico as early as 1860 or 1861.

I will only add that in the little pamphlet of 1861, it is casually mentioned as a matter quite familiar to all readers in Mexico, that the hands and ankles of the bodies would be tied. Needless to say that the marks of these cords and the traces of them in the photographs are the sole evidence for what Dr. Butler is pleased to call "manacles." As for the distortion of the limbs, and the in some cases agonized expression of the features, the explanation suggested by Señor Icazbalceta will, I think, be pronounced entirely sufficient by any one who uses his opportunities of observing parallel examples. The limbs in the case of Egyptian mummies are kept in

LITHOGRAPH NO. 2 IN THE MEXICAN BROCHURE OF 1861.
Size of original.

their place by the bandages, but if the wrappings are unwound the expression of the face is apt to be as gruesome as in any of these specimens reproduced by Dr. Butler and Dr. Rule.[1] On the other hand the distortion of the limbs where there are no bandages cannot in any way be accepted as evidence that the body has not been properly "streiked," or laid out, after death. I have before me a photograph of the celebrated mummy of Ettore or Estore Visconti, whose remains may still be seen built into the wall beside the Cathedral of Monza. The same distortion is perceptible there, and there can be no reasonable doubt that Visconti's corpse received all proper care, for we learn from Corio that the due celebration of his obsequies was made by his followers the principal condition of the surrender of the stronghold he was defending. The human remains thus naturally mummified are in nearly all cases hideous objects. There are many Peruvian specimens in the anthropological museum of the Trocadéro at Paris. Again, in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy at Dublin is a body which has been accidentally preserved by immersion in a peat bog; and in the same city a number of naturally dried bodies, which lie in coffins, are shown at the back of the Church of St. Michan, near the supposed grave of Robert Emmet. There is a ghastliness inseparable from all such relics, and the difference between one and another is only a minor question of degree.

[1] Photographs of these unrolled Egyptian mummies may readily be obtained, many of which leave nothing to be desired in point of ghastliness.

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Harbouring the Harbourless.

THE BLESSING OF CROWHURST.

FOUR girls, whose ages ranged from nineteen to twenty-five, were all seated one wet December afternoon in the large morning-room of the old gabled house where they had been born, and where their mother had died when the twin brothers were a year old. They all loved the old place, with its ivy-clad walls, quaint latticed windows, and queer unexpected alcove rooms, often reached by steps, down which the unwary fell. They considered their county the prettiest county in England, and their particular locality the best part of it.

The boys, who were at Downside, shared the affection felt by their sisters for Crowhurst, and preferred spending their holidays there to anywhere else. There was capital skating in winter in the shallow pool beyond the park, level roads in all directions for bicycling, and in summer endless places for picnics and water parties up the river Dyning, which wound its way just to the left of the back gate.

From the front windows you could see right over a flat country to Willmere, and at the back, beyond the vegetable gardens and shrubbery, were meadows, and the small provincial town lay just a mile off.

The inside of the room did not represent anything in the way of grandeur ; indeed, splendour or magnificence might have been looked for in vain at Crowhurst, yet every bit of the house spelt the word "home" in capital letters, so that whoso ran might read.

Each of the girls' rooms had a character of its own, revealing somewhat of the taste of its occupant. Nellie's had a great many books in it, chiefly story-books and novels, and a number of shelves sacred to the various pots and pans requisite for developing photographs. A large cupboard having been converted into a dark room, and water being laid on to it, she had everything at hand to facilitate her pursuit of one of her favourite occupations.

Frida's room, which was never tidy, had a piano in it, close to which was a violin case. Heaps of music lay on a side table, and on a shelf was a zither. There were books on fishing piled up in a corner, and a number of fishing rods were carefully placed at one end of the room and allowed to be dusted by no one but their owner.

Bess, who was twenty-two, evidently cared for no intellectual pursuit, if her room was to be taken as any indication of her tastes. She had a large looking-glass on her dressing-table, and there was a long mirror besides in the door of the wardrobe in which a very large number of pretty clothes were stored. Bess loved dress, and spent much time trying various effects and combinations of colours. Over the wash-stand was a shelf with a row of medicine bottles ; and beyond the fact that the little altar in her room was prettier and seemed better kept than those in the rooms of her sisters, there was nothing more to be said about the apartment.

In Carmen's room was a banjo, and a big cycling map pinned up against the wall; there were no books, and the rest of the room was quite commonplace.

That special afternoon Nellie, the eldest, was sitting over the fire doing nothing, Carmen was roasting chestnuts on the bars of the grate, Bess was cuddled up on the sofa with a book, and giving a little cough now and then, and Frida was polishing her bicycle.

"I wish the boys were at home," said Frida, pausing, after the expenditure of a good deal of elbow-grease, to rest herself a little.

"Ditto," said Bess from the sofa.

"I do hope it will be fine when they come," said Carmen, rubbing a finger she had burnt when taking up a chestnut. "Just the same weather we had last Christmas, plenty of skating, and then we can have some parties by torchlight if there's no moon."

"Oh, we can do no end of things when the boys come," said Bess. "I hope my cold will be gone by then."

"It will never go at all if you persist in coddling and taking all those nasty messes you are so fond of."

"You never believe I am ill," said Bess good-humouredly, giving a decided cough before speaking.

"Oh yes, I do," said Nellie, "but still I think you fuss about it too much. Well—we haven't settled about Christmas and all that we are to do."

"Have you asked Pater?"

"Oh, Pater, of course, doesn't interfere with what we like to do, bless him," said Carmen. "He's just the very dearest old dad in the world, and when we have arranged it all, and Nell the spokeswoman has told him about it,

he will say quietly, 'Well, do as you all like, my dears; be happy and you will please me.' Isn't it true?"

"Yes—why, of course, Pater knows we only want to have a good time and amuse ourselves, and he knows I shan't run up too many bills," said Nell, who kept the accounts.

"Oh, we don't want grand things," said Carmen, "only fun. Aren't the boys going to bring a friend of theirs to stay here?"

"Yes."

"What is the boy's name?"

"I forget. Where is Mike's last letter?"

"Here," said Bess, who adored her brothers and generally captured the "general epistles," as they called them, sent home by the boys.

"What writing!" said Nell, who now and then assumed an elder sister's air, intended to be very impressive, but a subject of mirth for the others.

"'We want to bring a chap home for Christmas, if the Pater lets us; his pater has given leave. His name is Bob Brotherton, and he's ripping, though we didn't think so at first, and we greened him a lot, and he used to fool in class, which you know Jack and I never do.'"

"Don't you, indeed?" said Nell, who was reading the missive aloud.

"'We have told him all about you girls, and he'd like awfully to come; he's sweating now so that he may have a good report to send home; his people are swells and have a big house in London. We are counting the days to Christmas. I hope Jane hasn't touched my specimens on my shelf, and thrown away all my geolorgical things, as that beast of a housemaid did last year.'"

"He spells shamefully, poor dear boy," said Nell; "if he could work up his spelling a little in holiday time——"

"So likely!"

"Well, to return to the subject. We can have a dance here on St. Stephen's Day, and then Pater wants two old fogies to dinner the day after, and the Dixons and Wyatts and their party can come in—we can settle that later—just for some afternoon dances."

"No music?"

"Oh yes, of course; Dora Pratt and you will have an opportunity of displaying your talents when those two friends of father's come to dinner, for we can have a sort of musical evening afterwards."

"We needn't ask any old people."

"No, excepting one or two, perhaps," said Nellie, doubtfully, wondering how far the usual line of eliminating any but young people from their entertainments could be drawn compatibly with even a small observance of social laws and courtesy.

"Can't have any old cats, that's positive," said Frida. "They are such a nuisance; one has to be civil to them and bother about them."

"Only Mrs. Welman and Miss Digby might feel—don't you know we went to their house so often this summer," said Nell, remembering how extremely kind these ladies had been to them in getting up parties for their special benefit.

"To garden parties and tennis and that gymkhana, which was a fiasco, as it rained!" exclaimed Carmen. "Why, they ought to be glad to get us all; people give those parties for young people; they don't want to be asked in return."

"Might have them to tea," said Bess from the sofa, in a voice that said she hoped the invitation would be refused.

"Oh, well, perhaps later—we shall see; meanwhile let's get up some nigger concerts; the boys would love it."

"Pater said cook should make a few puddings to give away in the parish," said Frida, looking at the brilliancy of her bicycle in the firelight.

"Can't be many," said Nellie, "for really lately the books have been rather high."

"Poor people are a bother," said Carmen; "why do they exist at all? Whenever I go to Birkton I have to pass all those miserable little cottages near the church, and the people look so dirty and thin and horrid. I fly by when I am on my bike, and go round the other way when I think of it."

"Yes. Oh, I am glad that I have no vocation to be a sister of charity," said Bess. "I should loathe visiting the poor."

"I suppose perhaps one ought to do it a little," said Nell; "or if we can't, and for girls it is difficult, we might do more to help them."

"What an odious mood you are in this afternoon, Nell," said Carmen frankly, but with a smile on her lips that belied her words, "thinking of having old cats to tea and visiting the poor and all that kind of thing!"

Nell blushed and laughed. "Well, I won't say anything more—oh, here is tea!—joy! When does one ever welcome tea more than on a wet day when one can't bike, and the roads are too hateful for walking, and there's not the ghost of a new novel in the house!"

"Buttered toast!" said Carmen, lifting one cover and

then another, "and muffins. Cook is a dear thing; I shall give her a new cap in gratitude at Christmas, if Pater gives me the money to get it with."

"Oh, dear—well, it's very nice to look forward to the boys coming," said Bess, rising and smoothing back her pretty fair hair. "Fancy what Mrs. Welman said yesterday to me! She said we should be ever so much happier if we had a stepmother, or else some governess to live with us! Fancy!"

"She said that?" said Nell, looking angry.

"Yes, indeed she did."

"Well, Pater never had any idea of marrying again and certainly won't do so now," said Nellie; "and as for a governess or any old cat living here—thank you!"

The girls were soon enjoying the tempting meal, which was placed on a low table close to the great sheepskin rug before the fire. They were as merry and gay young people as you could find anywhere, these four girls, and had led very free, independent lives since they severally had left the convent where they were educated.

Mr. Morris seldom or ever interfered with them. He was a student, and spent most of his time in his study reading, studying and writing. He was busy over a book on the Christian basilicas, and now and then he went to London to read at the British Museum, considering that Ann—the old servant who had been his wife's maid and the nurse of all the children—fulfilled all the requirements of Mrs. Grundy.

The girls lived very busy lives as far as employment was concerned, for they were all actively inclined, and in no way disposed to waste their time. Indeed, as a rule,

the days seemed too short for all they wanted to do, and one thing succeeded another so quickly that they very seldom had any leisure. All their pursuits and pleasures centred round themselves; yet so much do many people live in total oblivion of their faults, that had anyone told them their lives were selfish, and that their sins of omission as regarded others were numerous, they would not have believed it. It was what the French call *l'égoïsme de famille* carried to a very great extent; and like many faults—for fault it is—sprang curiously enough from a good quality. Family affection and the *esprit de corps* of clinging to and upholding one another and being united and harmonious, is excellent, but to be narrow and centred entirely on self is the reverse.

The girls, though they might spar and squabble occasionally, thought a great deal of each other, and the boys were in their eyes the best of their kind. They were not at all selfish as far as each was concerned, and often exercised self-denial and unselfishness, if by so doing they could add to one another's happiness. But they were all-sufficient to themselves and cared very little about other people, excepting those who were useful in helping them to enjoy themselves, or who added in any manner to their pleasures and collective or individual interests. Unconsciously to themselves they were more and more wrapped up as time went on in their own lives and each other, and more than ever bent upon getting all the amusement compatible with their means and in their circumstances. Everything concerning themselves interested them, and the whole tenor of their lives went that way. They seldom came across any poor people,

and those who called at their door for relief were generally interviewed by Ann. Mr. Morris wrote a small cheque at Christmas and sent it to Father Engard, the parish priest, for the poor, and dismissed the subject from his mind for the rest of the year. His idea of sending some Christmas puddings that year had been quite a new departure, and had its origin—curiously enough—in some old papers he had discovered at the back of a drawer in an antique bureau that stood in his study.

In the days of his youth Mr. Morris had had an only sister, to whom he had been very much attached. She had died when about twenty, and her memory lived for ever in the heart of her brother. He never forgot the sweet simple life with its unobtrusive piety and genuine goodness; and now and again he sighed to himself when he thought how unlike her he was, and how little any of his children resembled her; they were all happy-go-lucky, careless, and frivolous, allowing religion and its duties to touch them as little as they possibly could. One day he had found these little notes in an old manuscript book. They were notes in a girlish hand, put down after retreats, or thoughts that had come to the writer herself, or had been copied out from some book she had been reading. There were several pages on the corporal works of mercy.

Mr. Morris read what was written. It was about the works of mercy being binding on all alike, and the necessity for each, according to his power, performing them. All perhaps could not be done by everyone or in the same way, but there was no life led under any circumstances in which at least one of those works could not be done, either

by the person himself or else by a deputy—directly or indirectly.

The sight of the faded writing brought back many things, and by way of improving on the usual Christmas cheque Mr. Morris rather shyly made the suggestion that some puddings could be sent to the presbytery for distribution among the poor. It was not much, but it was a step in the right direction. The same afternoon that the girls were all having tea in the morning-room Mr. Morris sat in his study, which was a room after his own heart. It was at the end of the long corridor on the ground floor, quite away from the noise of the house, for no one could say that it was a quiet establishment, and the walls were lined with books.

His table was large, wide, with many drawers, one of which was open. From it he had taken again the manuscript book which he had lately found, and it lay on the table beside him, while in his hand he held a letter which he was reading not for the first time.

The letter was from an old aunt, of whom he had lost sight for many years. She had been living in Jersey, and, truth to tell, he had almost forgotten her existence. The letter was to tell him that she found herself absolutely penniless and homeless. Her income, very small at any time, had been derived from shares in a bank which had lately failed, and Mr. Morris remembered having read the fact in a newspaper not long since. Mrs. Bray was a childless widow; her husband's few relations were in Australia and very unlikely to help her, for his marriage had given them great displeasure, she being a Catholic, he a Protestant. Not long after their marriage he was

reconciled to the Church, and as this increased the wrath of his relations, all communication between them entirely ceased. The letter was written, evidently under the strain of a great necessity, to ask Mr. Morris to help her. It was worded with dignity and with a calm acceptance of the great trial this was to her, and Mr. Morris, as he read, felt his conscience prick him for many years of neglect.

After smoking steadily for a little time Mr. Morris knocked the ashes out of his pipe, paced up and down the room two or three times with his hands behind his back, and then, taking his courage in both hands, as the French say, he opened the door and went up to the morning-room.

"After all, I am master of the house and shall do as I choose," said he to himself half aloud, as he turned the handle of the door and entered to find the girls sitting in the soft light shed by two large lamps. They were all nice-looking girls, with pleasant faces and ways, and a chair for their father was speedily drawn to the fire.

He sat down and then briefly put the case of his old aunt before them.

"Poor old thing! how sad for her," said Frida, who was sorting some music.

"Fancy having nothing at all to live on!"

"We have never seen her, Pater—have we?"

"No," answered Mr. Morris in reply to Bess's question. "She went to Jersey before I married, and has never been to England to my knowledge since."

"The question is—how can I help her?" he continued.

"Oh, I suppose you must do something, Pater," said Nellie; "can't you get her into one of those homes for old ladies? I am sure I have heard of such places."

"She might not like to go to one," said Mr. Morris lamely, half shutting his eyes as he had a habit of doing when annoyed. The girls knew the signal.

"Why can't she stay in Jersey?" said Carmen. "Yes—even if she had to leave her house, couldn't she have lodgings there? I fancy you can get lodgings very cheaply in Jersey; I know that Miss Digby was over there last summer and said it was very cheap."

"Probably, but who is to pay for the lodgings?" asked Mr. Morris quickly.

"Has she no other relatives but you, Pater?" inquired Nellie.

"Have I not just read you her letter and explained the circumstances?" asked Mr. Morris, who had had at the back of his head a lingering hope that some one might propose what he intended suggesting.

"Oh yes, of course. I don't know what you can do, Pater," said Nellie, with an expression of thoughtfulness on her face.

"I see quite well what we *ought* to do," said Mr. Morris.

"What?"

"Make her come and live with us here."

"Pater!" exclaimed Nellie. "Why, what an idea!"

"Oh, Pater! we could not possibly have her," said Frida decidedly; "why, what would an old lady do in this house full of us young people, with all our noise and racket? She would be miserable, and really it would be horrid having any one old and——"

"Come, come, I am not so young as I was," said Mr. Morris; "if you object to any but young people in the house, you will have to turn me out and——"

But he was interrupted by a kiss from Carmen, and an outcry from the girls in chorus.

"Why, you know what we mean, you dear dad; how could you fancy——"

"Why, dad, what are you thinking of?"

"Pater!—you are not a bit old, and if you were a hundred we should feel every bit that home wasn't home without you."

"Naughty Pater!" said Bess softly, and the girls all thought of just a year ago when their father had been very ill indeed, and what the hours and days of anxiety had been when his malady turned out to have very grave aspects.

"Now, girls, I want to know—do you really object to having your aunt here?" There was a note of anxiety in his voice, undetected by his hearers.

"Of course we do, Pater," said Nellie, who was usually spokeswoman. "I am awfully sorry for her, and it is a pity that she can't come here, but we could not possibly have an old lady in the house. How could we? Why, she would be absolutely wretched among us, and the very greatest nuisance. We are all so happy together here, and to have some old cat bothering us and wanting everything quiet and humdrum and horrid—why, it would never do!"

"Of course it would not," said Frida.

"And you know, really, Pater, we haven't enough servants for anyone extra — anyone, I mean, who wanted much attention, and all old ladies like being waited on and fussed over, and of course we girls haven't time to do it."

"No, indeed, we have not," put in Nellie decidedly. "Besides, she would be awfully dull; probably she can't walk far, and then we have no carriage, and——"

"It would be perfectly hateful," said Carmen.

"Is that all you have to say, girls?" inquired Mr. Morris. The girls assented. It never entered their heads that their father would do anything to oppose them or interfere with any of their wishes and plans. They usually ruled him, and he had submitted as a general thing, as it had never occurred to him to do anything else, and usually their plans and arrangements did not clash with his wishes.

However, the faded writing of his dead sister had been a message of God to him, revealing to him many sins of omission of which he had been guilty, and which had indirectly affected his children. How selfishly they all lived, yet not more so than he did! How careless about their duty to their neighbour, yet not worse than his own neglect of what he might and should do! How little the poor were thought of in his home; but when he set the example of forgetfulness, small wonder that they followed suit.

He was silent for a moment, and the girls, thinking the subject finished, began chattering about their Christmas party.

"My mind is made up, girls; my aunt, your great-aunt, shall come here. We are not rich, certainly, but we can afford quite well to have her, and you can find her a nice comfortable room, and do your best to make her happy." Mr. Morris got up, evidently relieved at having spoken his mind, and gave a very vigorous poke to the fire. Silence reigned in the room, for the four girls were more astonished than they had been in all their lives.

"Yes, yes," continued Mr. Morris, "it's all very well to say you can't have her. To begin with, it would be impossible for me to give my aunt an allowance sufficiently

large to enable her to live decently; and as we have this house and have plenty of room, it seems to me that to give her a home is to perform one of the corporal works of mercy. Perhaps we haven't thought about those duties enough," said Mr. Morris shyly; "well, we can begin now. To harbour the harbourless is one of those works of mercy."

"I thought it meant to the poor, not one's relations," said Frida, who always found something to say.

"Well, what does it matter if the poor person needing a home is a relation or not? It is all the more a clear duty; in fact, it seems to me a greater duty. Charity begins at home, and our relations and friends have the first claim upon us."

The girls were silent for a moment; then Frida spoke.

"Pater, really we don't mean to be unkind at all, and I daresay she may be a very nice old lady; we don't even know her name—her Christian name, I mean."

"Mary," said Mr. Morris. "It is many years since I have seen her. It is a very sad case indeed, and I am extremely sorry for her."

"Yes, so am I," said Nell eagerly; "of course we all are, but——"

"We don't want her here," said Carmen, pertly. "I never can get on with old ladies. They bore me dreadfully. They have long stories they want one to listen to, and then they are always preaching to girls, and saying what they did when they were young, and that it was quite different from the girls of the present day."

"She won't preach to us," said Frida; "at least I shan't stand it if she does."

Mr. Morris had left the room a moment before, and when he re-entered his study to telegraph to Mrs. Bray that he would go over to Jersey to fetch her, his heart was lighter than it had been for many a day, and he made up his mind that he would do his best to make his aunt feel at home. The girls knew their father well enough to be sure that, kind and indulgent as he always was, in this matter resistance would be perfectly useless.

By that day next week Mrs. Bray had arrived. She was not much over sixty, and though very delicate, and unable to walk much, perfectly well able to wait on herself. She was extremely small, with a white face, blue eyes and silvery hair—a face with no beauty in it beyond that of a charming and sweet expression.

The girls, although they were sufficiently courteous to do nothing actually impolite, let Mrs. Bray know in a thousand ways that they resented her presence amongst them. They were absolutely without sympathy with her, and took no trouble to try and know her better. As far as they could, they ignored her, and went their ways as usual, letting her completely alone.

Mrs. Bray, meanwhile, had accepted the cross of homelessness laid upon her with the wonderful resignation that came from complete confidence in Almighty God, and the knowledge that He would help her to bear it. What a trial it was none but He knew, for she was very shy and reserved, not caring to speak of herself or her trials more than was necessary. In Jersey she had led a very retired life, knowing very few people, not from a dislike to her fellow creatures, but because her delicate health and her

quiet tastes precluded her going into society, and because she kept her strength for those things she cared for most. She did a great deal for the poor, and spent much time in prayer. Her little home was quiet and happy, close to the big French church, sometimes called the cathedral, and near some of her few friends. To leave this home and be dependent on her nephew for everything was indeed a very bitter trial; and only the discipline of years and the habits of self-control enabled her to bear it as she did.

At Crowhurst her bedroom was near that of Frida, and the continual practising kept her awake at night and prevented her sleeping. Frida, if she took into her head to play violin or piano late in the evening, did it quite regardless of whoever she might disturb. Mrs. Bray ventured upon a few gentle hints, which made Frida thoughtful for a few days, and that was all.

The general noise and racket, especially during the holidays, disturbed Mrs. Bray very much indeed, forming as it did such a contrast to the peace of the little home she had lost. However, she must bear it as best she could. It was only one of the many trials connected with her homelessness. She was very sensitive, and felt keenly that by the young people she was considered very much in the way, and that they resented her presence among them. She did her best to keep out of their way as much as possible, and never complained or let it be seen that she felt anything but gratitude for the home which her nephew, at least, gave her willingly and graciously.

However, as time went on, the effect of that simple,

pious life led in their midst was felt even by the heedless, careless girls and boys. Delicate and unable to walk much, Mrs. Bray went every morning to mass at the little church, a quarter of an hour's walk from the house. She had no money to give the poor, but she found out some few people who were glad to see her for herself, and in time she so enlisted the sympathies of the housekeeper in their behalf that she was able to be the almoner of her nephew, who begged her to undertake that office in the parish. Father Engard was very glad of her services in the sacristy for washing the purificators and some small articles of church linen. Then she mended a good many things, such as collars and amices, and altogether found employment for herself in very many ways.

"It is very good of you, Ann, to make such good things for my poor people," said Mrs. Bray one day, when Ann came to her room with a can of strong beef-tea for a girl in the parish who was very ill, and whom Mrs. Bray was visiting daily.

Ann was a hard-featured woman with grey hair drawn away tightly from a very high forehead. It was not a pleasant face, but when she smiled it altered very much. At first, like the girls, she had resented having Mrs. Bray at Crowhurst. She hated changes, and she had had some idea that Mrs. Bray would be troublesome and fussy, and want much attention. She soon discovered her mistake, and though she had steadfastly made up her mind to resent the intrusion, as she considered it, she succumbed to Mrs. Bray's gentle, inoffensive presence, and a germ of affection for her was developing in her heart. Ann put down the can on the table and sniffed.

"How is the young person, ma'am?"

"Very sadly, I fear, Ann," said Mrs. Bray, knitting as she spoke. With some of the money Mr. Morris gave her to spend for the poor she bought wool and other materials for making things for them.

"She is dying of consumption," continued Mrs. Bray, "and the beef-tea you make is the thing she fancies most."

"I am very glad," said Ann. "You see, Mrs. Bray, I haven't much money that I can give to the poor, but——" and Ann stopped.

"You give your time in making things," said Mrs. Bray; "that is something, Ann, and I know you have a great deal to do, especially just now while Charlotte is ill."

"Oh, I can do it!" said Ann. Then she was silent for a moment, and Mrs. Bray, looking at her after picking up a dropped stitch, saw tears in the narrow, stale-coloured eyes. "Yes," continued Mrs. Bray, "Minnie Grey is very near her end, and really she suffers so much that I cannot wish her to live longer. She is at peace with God and quite ready to go."

"She wasn't much of a saint," said Ann. "A wilder, more harum-scarum girl than that Minnie I never knew," and she brushed away the tears quickly. "Just here and there and everywhere, larking along with one young fellow or another, and whisking herself into church now and then when it suited her. I have a friend who knows her well, and didn't think she was any better than she ought to be."

"She might have been very much worse if she had not been to church, Ann. At all events Catholics know, how-

ever far they may stray from the right path, how to return to God, and Minnie has learnt a great deal on her deathbed. We must not judge her too harshly. How can we tell what we should have become had we been like Minnie, with a stepfather who drank and a miserable home with a mother who was always harsh and unkind to her?"

"Yes, I daresay, Mrs. Bray, you are right. I always say you never think harm of anyone; I never did know anyone who was as charitable as you are."

Mrs. Bray looked up, bewildered at the praise which seemed as if it was forced from Ann's lips. She knew that Ann had resented her coming, and considered her an intruder and her presence in the house an addition to her work and hands, which were always over full. For it was a house of continual going and coming, of extra meals, bustle and scurry, which was trying even to Ann, devoted as she was to the family.

Mrs. Bray went on knitting. Ann still stood by the table, twisting one corner of her apron and then untwisting it.

It was a summer's day, and all the calm of a hot afternoon reigned over the land. The sky was almost cloudless, the leaves on the trees were not stirred by a breath of wind, and the house was quite still, for all the young people had gone for a long day's excursion.

Mr. Morris was in London for the day.

"Ann," said Mrs. Bray gently, "you seem in some trouble. Can I help you?"

There was much sympathy in the voice, and Ann's eyes filled again with tears.

"Yes, I am, Mrs. Bray—I am not happy."

"Is it anything you can tell me about? You know I have not much in my power to do for anyone, but perhaps telling me would comfort you;" and Mrs. Bray drew a chair nearer to her, and Ann sat down at the edge of it.

"It's this way, Mrs. Bray. I don't seem to find any comfort in the church, and I've given up going regularly, for it seems to me I don't get any good. You see, Mrs. Bray, I was brought up chapel by my parents, leastways my father was a Baptist and my mother a Wesleyan; then when I went to service I went to the Presbyterian chapel to please my mistress, who was a good lady. Then when I was quite a girl still, I came into service here as maid to Mrs. Morris. She was a dear lady, and I have lived in the family ever since and was nurse to all these dear children," and Ann paused.

"Yes, they often speak of you and how faithful you have been to them."

"Well, they're all my own nurslings," said Ann, "and when I have as it were brought 'em up myself it's no wonder I love them all as if they were my own."

"Mrs. Morris was only received into the Church a year or two before she died, was she not?"

"Yes, ma'am. She often used to say to me, 'Ann, I wish you could know how happy I am now I am a Catholic, not that I wasn't happy before about other things, but I wasn't satisfied about religion,' she says; and she says, 'Ann, all the sects and chapels and churches seems so quarrelsome and all teaching different things, that I had come to thinking there wasn't anything to catch hold of anywhere.' That's

the way she put it, you see, Mrs. Bray, though maybe it's not the same words. And Mr. Morris in those days was careless like, and though he was a Catholic, still he didn't seem to care very much about his religion. Only somehow or other Mrs. Morris turned to it, and she often said she wished I could be a Catholic, but I did not want to trouble about it."

"Then since you have been here you say you have been to the church at Birkton?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bray, I have. There's two churches now, though when I came here first there was only one, and when it didn't rain or wasn't very cold—I can't bear the cold—I used to go sometimes of an evening. Then after a bit there was a new church built, and as they said it was a very high church I thought I'd go and see it, and somehow or other I took to taking 'em turn about. The high church, too, was nearer than the other one, so I'd go there when I was tired or it was like to rain. And what's been troubling me very much, ma'am, is that I got quite confused, for they were both Church of England sure and certain, for I couldn't believe the gentleman they call Father Long wasn't a Catholic at first, but I heard he was Church of England like Mr. Harris, and yet both gentlemen contradicted each other flat about things it seems in my poor opinion to be things as they ought to agree about. Mr. Harris he says there's two sacraments, and Mr. Long will have it there's seven. One gentleman says its bread and wine we take to remember the Lord by, and the other talks of the mass, for all the world like Catholics, and says it's really the Body and Blood of Christ we get when we goes to that sacrament. That's just a few of the things they

teach opposite about, and I can't make my way about it at all."

"Yes, indeed, it must be very confusing," said Mrs. Bray. "In the Church of Christ, which can make no mistakes about doctrines, exactly the same is taught about the sacraments and all that is necessary to salvation, and the simplest Catholic priest would tell you precisely the same about them."

"I am quite confused, Mrs. Bray," said Ann, tears coming again to her eyes. "There! I says to myself, what can a simple old woman like me do? I can't go and read a lot of books and find out all about what those gentlemen are teaching and discover which is right, if either of 'em are; and my cousin, who has come to live in Birkton and who has lived in Liverpool for twelve years, says that it's nothing here to what it is there. She says there's lots of churches in Liverpool all Church of England, and there's a lot of difference in what they preaches in them and the way they goes on. It's very puzzling, ma'am, and I am getting worried about it. I am not so young as I was, Mrs. Bray, and I'm beginning to think as I'd like to belong to some church which would be the same always and everywhere, and which I could be sure was teaching me right."

"There is only one Church which can do that," said Mrs. Bray. "That is the Catholic Church, which is just the same always, and which teaches us in all places the same faith and same practices which she has held for centuries, ever since the days of her founder."

Ann was silent for a minute, then she placed her thin hard-worked hand on the soft one of the old lady.

"Will you tell me more about it, Mrs. Bray?—I'd like to

know. I want to save my soul, and be ready for death when it comes——"

"Gladly, indeed, I will tell you all about it," answered Mrs. Bray, with a smile of great content on her old face; "and we shall both pray that God may give you the grace of faith."

From that day Mrs. Bray taught Ann all she could about the Catholic Church, the Father's House where all can find a home. Mrs. Bray was not clever or learned, but she knew her religion, and the penny catechism was as familiar to her as the Lord's Prayer. Ann was not stupid, and learnt much faster than Mrs. Bray had ever imagined she would. By Christmas Ann was ready to be received, and Mrs. Bray, in her deep thankfulness for having been allowed to win that soul and bring it into the Church, felt that God had sent her this joy as in her old age to cheer her and let her feel she was of a little use in the world.

But Mrs. Bray was of far greater use at Crowhurst than she ever knew in this life. It was due to her influence and example that Mr. Morris became a far more earnest and practical Catholic than he had been before she came. It has been truly said: "What are results in the kingdom of God? The conversion of hearts and their sanctification. What is it that can effect such results? Is it material force? No, certainly. For even if God's servants could command material resources, they could no more reach a human heart by means of these than the sword or the bullet could affect the course of a planet. Is it moral force?—that is, words, example, personal influence?" And we all know that it is. The pious life of the old aunt to whom, somewhat grudgingly, they had given a home, became a blessing to

that home. Gradually but surely she won her way with the young people at Crowhurst. Nellie, who was engaged to a young doctor, found her the best of confidantes about her troubles; for love in her case was not running smoothly at all. The boys, who ignored her at Christmas, made good friends with her first, and said she was "ripping"; and before a year was out, instead of feeling herself an intruder, she had won her place in that home and was surrounded by love and care, herself exercising a strong influence for good on all who knew her.

One December afternoon, two years later, Frida, Carmen and Bess were seated again in the same room in which we first saw them.

"How long to-day has seemed!" said Frida with a sigh; "it feels as if we must have lived a week since this morning."

"Indeed it does!" answered Bess, who had a new expression in her pretty face, one which had come into it not so long ago. She was engaged to be married, and was then making part of her trousseau. "I wish we could know that the danger was over."

"We can't, it seems, for some days," said Carmen. "Just fancy, Bess! it is just two years to-day since Pater came and asked us if we would have Aunt Mary living with us."

"How ashamed I feel at the way we responded," said Frida. "I can't understand it now—can you?"

"Well, you see, we were all so taken up with our own interests and plans and in making our own lives as full of fun as possible, that we resented anyone intruding upon us: what selfish things we all were," said Bess. "I am sure

Aunt Mary has been the greatest blessing in this house—hasn't she?"

"Yes. When Pater said it was a corporal work of mercy taking her in, he little thought, nor did we, that it was to be the means of making us all so happy."

"Yes, she has helped us all," said Frida thoughtfully, "though one can't exactly tell how."

Bess and Carmen were silent. Bess was thinking of many quiet talks she had had with Aunt Mary in the twilight, and how much she had learnt from the gentle old lady, who was learned in heavenly lore, though quite unconscious that this was the case. These talks had influenced the girl very much, for in them she had learnt to take a different estimate of the things in which she had formerly taken most pleasure. Both she and Carmen had learnt much also, not from actual words, but from the influence of a good life; and they had little by little begun to practise the things so learnt.

Unselfishness, thought for others, and great devotion to the Church, had been the lessons that Mrs. Bray's life had taught, and the inmates of Crowhurst had not been slow to learn them.

She had just undergone a severe operation, and it was many days before she was out of danger and many weeks before she could take her old place in the drawing-room, or move from the quiet bedroom which long ago Bess had insisted on her taking instead of the one near Frida.

She looked very pale and frail as she lay on the sofa in the firelight, the three girls with her.

"I don't know how to tell you all, dears, how grateful I

am to you all for all you have done for me during this illness," said Mrs. Bray gently.

"We could not do enough for you, dear Aunt Mary," said Frida, who was always impulsive and ready with an answer.

"It is very sweet to be surrounded with so much love and care," said Mrs. Bray thoughtfully. "Certainly your charity in harbouring the homeless has been the means of my having a home so sweet that I never can for one moment regret my little house in Jersey."

"Oh, don't use the word charity, Aunt Mary!"

"Well, I won't then, dears," said Mrs. Bray.

"We were not as kind to you as we should have been at first," said Frida, speaking the words the others had in their minds. "You see we were so thoughtless and careless that——"

"You resented an intruder—I quite understood you about it, dears," said Mrs. Bray calmly. "I can't tell all how I felt it — coming into your midst and feeling unwelcome. But that is all passed away, is it not?" she continued, with the certainty that this was the case.

"You have been a blessing—yes, to every one of us," said Carmen quickly; and though Mrs. Bray hardly knew how that could be, yet she realized that the girls were in earnest.

She had noticed the changes in them all—the thought for others replacing family selfishness; the church more frequented, the poor more cared for. She knew that Carmen had whispered to her a hope of trying her vocation in a convent, that the tone of the house had altered. Amuse-

ment was not now made the end and object of life, pleasure was not sought after at the expense of duty to God and others, and there were alterations in many ways. She was too humble to attribute it to her example or her influence, but she felt that her prayers for them were being answered.

THE VENERABLE MOTHER BARAT

Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus

(1779–1865)

Madeleine Sophie Barat was born at Joigny in Burgundy on December 12, 1779. Her birth, hastened as it was by an alarm of fire, nearly cost her mother her life, and for some time the child was delicate and fragile. She gained strength by degrees, however, and soon her bright wit and merry ways showed that an exuberance of life was there, whilst the unusual depth of her affections revealed a heart capable of intense and ardent love. Her earliest years were spent amongst the vine-clad hills and richly-watered valleys that lie around Joigny, and in the simple occupations of a daughter of the soil, and the happy and loving surroundings of the home of her good parents, whose youngest child she was.

Her earliest lessons were learnt at her mother's knee, and a great horror of sin was soon implanted in her heart. Before she was thought old enough to make her first Confession, she, with other children of the same age, attended instructions given by the priest

of the parish, who taught them how to make an act of contrition, and then gave them a solemn blessing. Sophie thought that to ensure the pardon of her sins she must confess them aloud, and began to do so then and there, until she was stopped by the priest, amid the laughter of the little group. At ten years of age she made her first Communion in the old parish church of St. Thibault. No one could see much of Sophie as a child without remarking her unusual powers of mind, good sense, clear judgement, and great love of truth.

Her brother Louis, who was also her godfather, after receiving minor orders, was sent as professor to the college of his native place whilst awaiting the priesthood; he undertook the task of Sophie's education as a mission entrusted to him by God. At first the books and lessons were a weary exchange for Sophie from the out-of-door occupations she loved so much, but there was no help for it, and we are told that even at seven years old she spent many hours a day at study. A loft at the top of the house was given up to her use, and there she toiled over her history, her Latin, and her sums. Once Louis was to go away for three whole weeks, and endless vistas of enjoyment opened before Sophie's eyes. It was vintage time, which made it doubly delightful, and she carefully put by her books, promising herself long hours of happiness. However, after three days' absence Louis suddenly returned, and the lessons were sorrowfully resumed. By degrees, however, as her mind developed, love of

study grew upon her; she delighted in Virgil and, later on, in Homer. *Don Quixote* consoled her for the trouble of learning Spanish, and she learnt Italian with great ease.

The clouds which lowered over France at this sad time, and at length burst with such fearful violence, were comparatively little felt at Joigny. We read neither of the devastation of armies nor of the excesses of the Revolution in the account of Sophie's early life, but when she was fourteen a cruel blow fell in the midst of the hitherto unbroken happiness of their home life. In May, 1793, Louis Barat was arrested in Paris and thrown into prison, where he remained, in imminent danger of his life, until the fall of Robespierre nearly two years later. The grief of his mother well-nigh cost her her reason, if not her life, but the tenderness and tact of Sophie saved her. In her sorrow the poor mother persisted in refusing to take any food, and yielded only when Sophie declared her intention of following her example. "At least," she said, "we shall die together." This seemed to break the spell, and the danger was averted. Sophie traced back her devotion to the Sacred Heart to this time, when she and her mother prayed often for her brother's safety before pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, which he had sent from Paris.

Sophie's love for her mother was at this time one of her strongest characteristics, and it was the only obstacle which seemed insuperable when, on Louis

Barat's release from prison, he urged his parents to allow his sister to live with him in Paris and continue her studies. Finally the arrangement was made, on condition that Sophie should return to Joigny every year at vintage time.

Louis Barat was now a priest, and he said Mass daily, though in secret, in the little house in the Rue de Touraine where he and his sister lived, under the roof of a good lady named Mlle. Duval. There Sophie continued her studies, but, as her brother's aim was now to train her soul rather than to cultivate her taste for literature, he substituted for the poets, whose influence on her he feared, the study of Scripture and the works of the Fathers of the Church.

Sophie had probably never seen a nun or been within convent walls, but the desire to consecrate herself to God had been with her from her childhood. Her humility made her desire the life of a Carmelite lay-sister, though already another wish strove with this one—the wish for an active, apostolic life, whereby souls might be saved. The sequel shows that both these desires were from God.

Father Barat's direction was very austere, and, to teach his sister complete self-control and detachment, he constantly mortified her natural affections and desire for innocent amusement. Sophie was an apt pupil, but it forced the tears even from her eyes to see a piece of needlework, which she had prepared in secret for her brother, burnt as soon as she had offered it to him,

and a dress, which she had made for herself to replace the peasant costume she always wore, destroyed without pity. The treatment was rough, but it bore fruit, and Sophie every day grew in love for that Lord to whom her life was to be consecrated.

It was the Abbé Barat's wish at this time to join a society of zealous priests who, under the name of "Fathers of the Faith," or "Fathers of the Sacred Heart," followed the rule of St. Ignatius. Their first Superior had been Father Léonor de Tournély, a priest of marvellous piety, and on his holy death at the age of thirty, Father Joseph Varin was elected Superior in his place. This was a time when everything had to be constituted afresh after the social and religious overthrow of the Revolution, and Father de Tournély, not as it seemed without the sanction of inspiration, had fostered plans for the establishment of a religious community of women, whose work should be the education of girls both of the poorer and upper classes. When he died it became a sacred duty for Father Varin to carry out his plans.

One day, in conversation with the Abbé Barat, Father Varin asked him whether any tie bound him to the world. The Abbé Barat answered that he had "a little sister," and when, after further questions, Father Varin learned that she was nineteen years of age, that she was highly educated, and that her great desire was to become a Carmelite, it immediately flashed upon his mind that she was destined to be the foundation-stone he needed. The

impression was confirmed when he made her acquaintance and found that so many gifts of mind and heart were united to great gentleness and even timidity of manner and profound diffidence of self. Father Barat entered cordially into Father Varin's views for his sister's future. Indeed, they were for him the visible goal to which Providence, by his means, had been leading her, and he made over to Father Varin the direction of her soul. It was not long before Sophie herself was convinced that God's will for her lay in the path that now presented itself. "I knew nothing and foresaw nothing," she once said later on, "but I accepted all that was offered me." Father Varin then drew up a rule for Sophie and three or four companions of hers who had been in the habit of coming to hear Father Barat's Mass, and who now assisted with her at Father Varin's instructions and entered like her into his plans. Thus, in humility and poverty, were laid the first foundations of the future Society of the Sacred Heart.

On the 21st of November of the year 1800, four postulants, one of whom was Sophie Barat, pronounced their consecration to the Sacred Heart. This date is still solemnized as that of the foundation of the Society.

From the time of her consecration to the great work to which her life was devoted, the history of Sophie Barat, as far as exterior events are concerned, is merged in that of the Society of the Sacred Heart. We must now see how this Society began its work.

Early in 1801 Father Varin went to preach a mission

at Amiens. In the course of the mission he made acquaintance with two ladies, Geneviève Deshayes and Henriette Grosier, who, when he told them of the newly-founded Society, offered themselves as postulants. Henriette Grosier helped her aunt in the management of a school which was not at that time in a flourishing condition, and it was to the complete satisfaction of every one concerned that its management passed by an agreement, signed October 15, 1801, into the hands of the new Society, which thus became possessed of its first foundation.

Its early beginnings were humble enough to satisfy those whose only desire was to imitate the poverty of Nazareth. The Sisters were extremely poor, everything beyond the barest necessaries were wanting to them. The children were troublesome and often unmanageable, many contradictions and trials from without tested their constancy, and Mlle. Loquet, their first Superior, had not the spirit which Father Varin wanted to see implanted amongst them. During this trying time, Sophie's calm strength and deep union with God were the great support of her companions' courage, and when in the following year Mlle. Loquet, at Father Varin's suggestion, returned to Paris to resume there her life of good works, Sophie was appointed Superior at the age of twenty-three.

Father Varin tells us how this nomination was made known to her. "After Mass," he says, "I went to the Convent with Father Roger, and assembled the nuns. I talked to them for a while, and then said I was going

to ask them some questions to judge of their competence for teaching. After a few questions on various points of Christian Doctrine to the others, it came to Sister Sophie's turn, and I said to her: 'As you are the youngest I must give you the easiest question—Why did God make you?' 'To know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him,' she answered. 'What is *serving God?*' I continued. 'To serve God,' she replied 'is to do His holy will.' 'You wish to serve Him, I suppose?' 'Yes, Father!' 'Well, His will is that you should be Superior.' It was a terrible blow. She fell on her knees, burst into tears, and implored to be let off; but we were inflexible. No one can say what it cost her: it nearly killed her." At a later time he added: "All know what this seed brought forth. Mother Barat's *humility* was the only obstacle to be found in her, in the way of good. For ten years from that time it was a struggle between us, on her part to be released from the task of government, and on mine to make her understand that she held it from the Will of God." In this spirit she carried her burden, until sixty-two years later death relieved her of it, and her cross became her crown.

The wisdom of the choice was soon made manifest. In a few months the school had increased so much that removal elsewhere was necessary. In 1804 the Community took possession of the house in the Rue de l'Oratoire which, still a Convent of the Sacred Heart, is looked on with special veneration as the "cradle of

the Society." One by one, in these early years, Mother Barat's life-long companions and sharers of all her toils and labours, joys and sorrows, gathered round her, almost all of them having passed through the fiery ordeal of the Revolution by which the faith and courage of God's servants had at that time been tried. One of the first to arrive was Catherine de Charbonnel. The Revolution had deprived her of almost all her near relations, whose singular attachment to their King and their faith had marked them out as victims of its fury. Her strong faith had inspired her with a courage in misfortune which, in spite of great natural timidity, won her the respect and admiration of all who saw her over and over again expose her life in the service of religion. Félicité Desmarquest was of another stamp. Her character had acquired strength and maturity in ministering, even from a very early age, to the Confessors for the Faith in the prisons of the Republic. Others, like Mother de Charbonnel, might be of more use in the work of education, but no one helped Mother Barat more than Mother Desmarquest in making the life of the Society of the Sacred Heart a faithful copy of that of the Holy House at Nazareth. Mother de Charbonnel's practical good sense and knowledge of business matters made her invaluable in the work of foundations, whilst to Mother Desmarquest for many long years the formation of the novices was entrusted.

A third vocation at this time proved to be of great importance to the future of the Society, that of Philippine

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Duchesne. She was at this time a Novice of the Visitation, sorely tried by the failure of her efforts to gather together the scattered members of the Community she had entered, and who had been dispersed by the Revolution. She was cast in heroic mould, and all the intensity of her will was set on serving God in religion. The deserted Visitation Convent of Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut at Grenoble belonged to her, and when, through Father Varin, she made acquaintance with Mother Barat, she offered herself and all she had to the Society. In her new Superior she found all her heart could wish, and in the Society of the Sacred Heart a spirit that satisfied even her aspirations, and a field for work that gave full scope to all her burning zeal. A few years later, in 1818, the great mission was given her of helping to spread the devotion of the Sacred Heart in the United States and Canada by carrying thither a little colony of Mother Barat's nuns, and there, after seeing Convents of the Sacred Heart established in all directions, she died thirty-five years later with the reputation of a saint.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart of Sainte-Marie-d'en-Haut was therefore the second foundation which Mother Barat made, and the joy this addition to the Society caused her was only lessened by the sorrow of seeing herself shortly afterwards elected Superior-General. A foundation at Poitiers soon followed, and here in a venerable building, the Abbaye des Feuillants, founded by Louis XIII. but devastated by the Revolution, she established her first house of Noviceship. Here Mother

Barat herself trained her novices in that humility and obedience of which she was so consummate a mistress. Amongst her novices at this time were Sisters Thérèse Maillucheau and Joséphine Bigeu, model novices in this model Noviceship, who afterwards carried with them into active life the spirit of prayer learnt at Poitiers. Poitiers was said to have been in some ways the "Manresa" of Mother Barat. Everything in the old monastic building favoured her love of solitude and silence, and during her sojourn there the Society of the Sacred Heart, still so small, was being formed within her heart.

In 1807 the Emperor Napoleon gave the formal approval of the civil authority to the Society, and in this and the following years several foundations were made.

As the work grew it became more and more necessary to consolidate its organization. The urgency of this need was made more manifest from a sad experience which, but for Mother Barat's courage and perseverance, might have had a disastrous ending. When after four years of absence she, in 1808, returned to Amiens, she was painfully struck by a change in the spirit of the house. This was chiefly owing to the austere rule of the Superior, Madame de Baudement, and to the misguided zeal of the confessor, M. de St. Estève, who wished to usurp supreme authority not only over the Convent at Amiens but over the whole Society. He had drawn up and imposed upon the Community a rule compiled from those of other Orders which changed the spirit and form of the new congregation. The Mother-General saw at

once the state of the case, but she decided to accept the existing state of things as far as she conscientiously could. She knew that it would be worse than useless at that time to act in opposition to the ruling spirit of the place, and she showed only unconquerable patience and gentleness. She knew that confidence must be won, not forced, and her deep contempt of self easily persuaded her that others were more deserving of confidence than she was. The school was prospering—peace and union reigned at that time in the Community. She feared to compromise all by trying then to set things right, and although her authority was disregarded, although M. de St. Estève claimed the title of Founder and was imposing Constitutions on the young Institute not in the spirit of St. Ignatius and without the devotion to the Sacred Heart which Father Varin had breathed into it, she waited God's time, and left the house where her authority was only nominal to foster the spirit of unity in the other houses, and maintain in them at least that devotion to the Sacred Heart which should make them worthy one day to bear its name. Several years passed before the crisis came and the wisdom of her conduct was justified. In 1812 M. de St. Estève was arrested by the Imperial government, and the time seemed then come to put forward the true Constitutions of the Society. Those drawn up by M. de St. Estève had in the meantime been sent to all the houses then existing, and had been universally disapproved. All felt that the spirit of the Sacred Heart was not in them.

Father Varin was then living in exile at Chevroz, near Besançon, in a country house belonging to his sister. Thither Mother Barat went, accompanied by Mother Deshayes, and there, in prayer and consultation, the Rules and Constitutions were drawn up. But all trouble was not yet over. The fall of the Empire set M. de St. Estève at liberty, and on his release he went to Rome, whence he wrote to say that he had founded a convent there which was the only one the Holy Father recognized, that his rule had been approved, and that he was acknowledged as Director and organizer of the Society. Mother Barat wrote for advice to the Provincial of the newly re-established Italian Province of the Society of Jesus. Her letter was answered by an unknown Secretary who, writing in the Provincial's name, informed Mother Barat that the Holy Father had recognized M. de St. Estève as sole Superior of the Society, that it would be impossible for her to withdraw without incurring excommunication, and that the Pope had declared that in case any of the houses refused to submit, they would be suppressed to avoid scandal. Father Varin and other friends advised unconditional submission, but it soon became apparent that the letter had been sent without any authority. Its authorship was afterwards traced to M. de St. Estève himself, and in consequence of his conduct he was obliged to leave Rome. His patrons disowned his acts, and his influence was at an end.

In the early days of the troubles Father de Clorivière had advised Mother Barat "to pray, to suffer, to wait,

and to hope": to her fidelity in carrying out this advice the salvation of the Society was due.

The Constitutions and Rules drawn up by Father Varin and Mother Barat were examined and adopted at the second General Congregation of the Society, held at Paris in 1815. They were received with delight by all the houses, and the diocesan bishops gave them complete approbation. Mother Barat herself read them to the Community at Amiens, and a perfect and lasting reconciliation of all differences followed. After this, her Society developed rapidly.

In 1816 a general Noviceship was established in Paris, and about this time foundations were made at Lyons, Bordeaux, and Chambéry. The King granted a munificent subsidy by means of which the Hôtel Biron in Paris was bought. Its school soon became famous, and after a while the Noviceship was also established under the same roof. However, even when despoiled of its worldly ornaments, such as mirrors, gilding and pictures, the house was, in Mother Barat's eyes, far too magnificent for the Spouses of the God of Nazareth. It was therefore made over entirely to the school, and the religious occupied only outbuildings which had formerly been the servants' quarters, the stables and the small low rooms in which they were lodged still bearing the names and marks of their former occupants, the cooks, scullions, and grooms. Father Varin came to see the novices in their new abode, and when they told him that they had taken possession of it on the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, he

said with a smile, "This is rather a splendid house to come to on the feast of so poor a saint;" but he added, "If St. Francis saw the part of it you have chosen, he would acknowledge you for his sisters in Jesus Christ." When any one expressed surprise at the establishment of the religious in the Hôtel Biron, his answer was: "They are there indeed, but they do not live in it."

In August, 1820, Mother Barat called together the Superiors of her Society in Paris, to organize a plan of studies. Father Varin impressed upon the Mothers present that the supreme end of education is the love and knowledge of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The chief aim of the plan of education pursued by the Society of the Sacred Heart is thoroughness as regards the religious, intellectual, and moral training of the pupils. The children are to learn everything it is most important for them to know in view of the life they are to lead, and the society they are to mix in. Their welfare was the constant solicitude of Mother Barat. She treated them with what has been well called a "royal respect," and she drew them to her by the irresistible force of her great love for them. When she was organizing the school in Paris she set herself to the work as though she had nothing else to attend to, and no detail was too small to come under her personal supervision. Children whose character made school-life difficult to them, or those who were unmanageable and troublesome, were especially amenable to the influence of her gentle and loving kindness. She had a Mother's true instinct of discerning good, and this very dis-

cernment in one so holy and so gifted gave her the power of developing the good seed often underlying many faults.

The following extract from a letter written a few years later to the children in answer to their good wishes sent every year for her feast, on St. Mary Magdalen's day (July 22nd), expresses some of her desires for them. "It is not without a special design of God's mercy that the title of children of the Sacred Heart, of a Heart burning with zeal and charity, is yours, in an age so given over to selfishness. The name you bear points out the important mission entrusted to you. It is your task to continue, I would even say to complete, our mission, to devote yourselves to the love of Jesus Christ and to the salvation of souls to whom He is unknown. More even than your words, your example in the world will speak eloquently of Him; but that this may be so you must profit by the innumerable graces you now enjoy. Your desire to do this is the offering that will give me most pleasure, and in return I will most heartily pray that Jesus Christ and your dear Mother Mary may bless you, and not suffer any one of you to be unworthy of the name you bear, nor to be wanting one day to the summons that will gather together mother and children in the common centre of their love."

Love of the poor was one of the strongest feelings of Mother Barat's heart, and innumerable are the beautiful and touching stories of her charity. Poor children were assuredly the best beloved of her large family, and she made every possible sacrifice to maintain poor

schools and orphanages in connection with all her convents.

The year 1823 was marked by a great joy. Eight years previously a convent founded at Ghent had separated from the other houses, to Mother Barat's intense grief; but during this year a number of the Community sought and obtained readmittance. Two amongst them afterwards rendered great services to this Society: these were Mother Henriette Coppens, afterwards Mistress of Novices, and Mother de Limminghe. The latter was appointed Superior at Turin, and when Mother Barat's love of subjection and humility made her wish to place herself under obedience to one of her daughters in all that concerned her personal conduct, it was on Mother de Limminghe that her choice fell. During the seven years that this relation existed between them, Mother Barat and she were seldom separated, but when they were apart, a very close and frequent correspondence maintained the bond in all its integrity.

The fourth General Congregation was held in Paris in 1826, and various strict regulations concerning enclosure, poverty and simplicity were made; and whilst it was still sitting, the long-desired brief of Approbation was signed by Pope Leo XII. (December 22, 1826).

New foundations at Lille and at Lyons followed, and the Convent of the Trinità dei Monti in Rome became the property of the Society of the Sacred Heart in 1828.

When the summer of 1830 began, all seemed full of hope and promise, but the revolution of July checked

progress for the time. For some days the danger in Paris was imminent. Barricades had been raised just under the windows of the Convent of the Sacred Heart. At one moment the insurgents scaled the walls and rushed into the garden, and a desperate fight ensued between them and the Swiss Guards. But the house stood unscathed, preserved by the unceasing prayers of its inmates.

It was impossible for the nuns not to laugh, when on the following day they recognized Father Varin in secular disguise, and wearing the indispensable knot of tricolor ribbon in the button-hole of his great coat. He came thus into the Novitiate and began to speak with his favourite ejaculation of "Ita Pater." "Courage and Confidence" was the burden of his discourse, and he assured his hearers that "if they were faithful to God He would be faithful to them."

The Noviceship was dispersed for a time, whilst a suitable place of refuge was sought. Montet, near Fribourg in Switzerland, was fixed upon, and there the novices were gathered together again as soon as the necessary arrangements were made. They were placed under the charge of Mother de Charbonnel and Mother Henriette Coppens. All hardships, and there were many, were cheerfully endured, and this Noviceship has always been admired for its special spirit of mortification and holy joy. Among the novices was an Alsatian named Josephine Gœtz, who even then gave promise of those great virtues which on Mother Barat's death led to her

election as second Superior-General. Six months before she entered, her vocation was undecided, and she was still at school: she had seen Mother Barat, and, writing at a later time, she thus described the interview: "I shall never forget the impression Mother Barat made upon me then. A supernatural influence took hold of me, and entered into the very depths of my soul. I felt that I was in the presence of one who was clothed with the presence of God Himself." This, in fact, decided her vocation. The day of Mother Gœtz's clothing, a holy Sister also received the habit, who, under the name of Sister Elizabeth, and the life of a humble lay Sister, concealed a distinguished name, and many and varied talents. This immolation, maintained till death, was undertaken to obtain from God the conversion of those near and dear to her.

On leaving Montet, Mother Barat went to Turin. All her journeys were, at this time especially, sources of intense suffering from a severe injury to her foot, and the journey to Turin was full of difficulty. It was necessary to cross the Col di Tenda, and the descent on the Italian side could only be made in sledges. The road was precipitous and the snow deep, and Mother Barat's helpless condition increased the peril. But nothing stopped her when God's work had to be done. At Turin her foot was miraculously cured, and she was able to continue her journey to Rome, where an important work awaited her, the establishment of a Roman Novitiate.

She had scarcely arrived at the Trinità, when a great honour was paid to her. Pope Gregory XVI., hearing of her arrival, and that an accident prevented her from leaving the house, visited her even in her own room, and gave her a most paternal blessing. She tried to kneel, but the Pope raised her up, and made her sit by his side, saying, with great emphasis, "I have greatly at heart the prosperity of so useful, edifying, and well-governed an Institute."

There had been a time, as she herself said, when the classical memories of Rome and its treasures of art would have moved her soul to its depths ; but now, when the interests of the Church, of the Holy See, and of souls absorbed her heart, the sacred shrines of Rome and its sanctuaries were all she cared to visit. The Novitiate was established at the Convent of Santa Rufina in the Trastevere, and Mother Desmarquest was installed as its Novice Mistress. The Roman novices, like those of Montet, counted at this time amongst their number a future Superior-General, Adèle Lehon, who governed the Society of the Sacred Heart for twenty years, until her holy death at Easter, 1894.

Passing through Lyons on her way to Rome in 1832, Mother Barat instituted the Congregation of the Children of Mary, and the work of Retreats for ladies living in the world.

In 1836 she was again in Rome, and at this time the Novitiate was removed from Santa Rufina to the Villa Lante. In dealing with those who sought admission

into the Society, Mother Barat always united in a remarkable manner cordiality and discretion. Her feeling about vocations was most reverential; what is so especially the work of God was not, she thought, to be approached in any other spirit. Nothing could exceed the reserve with which she acted from the fear of interfering with grace, or the care she took to enenlighten those who seemed prompted by mistaken motives to embrace religious life. Her heart used to ache for parents who generously gave up to God their dearest treasures, but when for worldly motives a child was refused the liberty of following her vocation, Mother Barat was known to feel and to speak with strong indignation.

Her "white flock," as she called her novices, engrossed a large share of her time and thoughts, and their spiritual education was one of her great pre-occupations, and as they gathered round her, whether in Rome or Paris, at Montet, or later on at Conflans, she strove to inspire them with her own great love for the Sacred Heart, and for those great religious virtues by which even weak women become apostles. It was her constant endeavour to make them estimate at its full value the grace of their vocation. "Ah!" she said once, "if we only well understood, and kept always in view the grace of vocation, what should we not do to correspond with it? We think we have done something for Our Lord because we have left the world and suffer some things for His love, but it is nothing. Let us

sacrifice ourselves wholly, and then He will make us the return of a hundredfold for what we have given up."

Another crisis was approaching for the Society, a time when, but for Mother Barat's wonderful power of conciliation, unshaken confidence in God, and complete self-abnegation, its union, and therefore its well-being if not its existence, would have been compromised. Some members of the Society, wishing to make it more closely resemble the Society of Jesus, were anxious to remodel the rule, and make it as nearly as possible like that of St. Ignatius. Another proposed change was to fix the residence of the Superior-General in Rome. At a general Congregation, held in Rome in 1839, decrees were framed, of which some of the most important were to fix upon Rome as the residence of the Superior-General, and to divide the Society into provinces, to be under the Government of Mothers-Provincial. With regard to many of the decrees there were no dissentient voices, but the one relative to the Superior-General's residence in Rome raised much opposition, felt and expressed. Mother Barat had endeavoured to enlighten the Council on the dangers of these alterations, but she yielded to the opinions of the majority, and the decrees were made known to the religious by a circular letter from the Mother-General. They were received with general regret and alarm, which was shared by friends of the Institute. Besides the fourteen houses in other countries there were at this time in France twenty-seven

convents of the Sacred Heart, and the bishops of the dioceses in which these convents were situated, with Mgr. de Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, at their head, protested against the change; some of them had even addressed a complaint to the Pope. The same diversity of opinion reigned in Rome, and Mother Barat's appeals to the Holy Father for a decision remained unanswered.

Under these circumstances it was resolved to give the decrees a trial for three years. Mother Barat informed the Society of this, and did all she could to facilitate the acceptance of the decrees, giving on this occasion wonderful proofs of what can be effected by humility, prudence, and gentleness. She never had an obstinate adherence to her own opinion. "You may differ from us in opinion," she wrote to Mother de Gramont, Superior of the house in Paris, whence the greatest opposition proceeded, "but your duty and your heart will raise you above these dissensions." And to others she said: "I rely on Mother de Gramont as on myself." To Mother Grosier, who feared to wound their long-tried friendship, she said: "Say everything you like to me, good, bad, or indifferent. I shall never doubt your love for your Mother and the Society." Throughout this affair she was ever ready to take the blame upon herself of what had been done against her own opinion. No one could persuade her to put down opposition with a high hand. Union of hearts remained intact throughout this trial, and even the opposition on the part of the nuns arose from the filial affection which feared to lose her.

Mother Barat passed the winter of 1839 and the spring of 1840 in Rome, but the following year she spent some months in France. After her return to Rome at the end of 1840, when in doubt as to her future residence, she was enlightened by Gregory XVI., who said that her habitual abode should be in France. A General Congregation was summoned to meet at Lyons in 1842, but affairs had become even more complicated at that time, and the meeting was indefinitely postponed. The Government, privately informed of the changes proposed by the decrees, gave notice that the removal of the Superior-General to Rome was contrary to the Statutes approved of by the State in 1827, and threatened the penalties of the law if the original constitutions were not enforced. In answer to an appeal from Mgr. Affre, who had succeeded to the Archiepiscopal See of Paris, the Holy Father had the decrees examined by a commission of Cardinals, who were unanimous in condemning them, and desired that the Society of the Sacred Heart should be governed as before. The decision was confirmed by the Holy Father, and was received everywhere as final.

A trial such as this is never wanting in the history of great enterprises and of those who carry them through. Mother Barat met it, and all the sorrows that came with it, with the serene fortitude which was the result of her great sanctity and unshaken trust in God. Opposition and contradiction such as she now encountered must have overcome her and proved fatal to the Society had

she met them with mere human energy and determination. But she was in truth nothing in her own eyes, and God was all; for the four years that this trial lasted, her intense hold of this truth enabled her to be in His hands the means, not only of keeping the Society in existence, but of strengthening and perfecting it. It was owing to her prudence at this crisis that she did not lose a single house or a single subject.

In 1842 the first foundation in England was made, and in 1844 Mother Barat visited her English Community, established at that time in Berrymead Priory at Acton near London. As soon as the children saw her she completely won their hearts. As eagerly as in any of the French houses they crowded round her in the garden, listening to all her words, and anxious to receive her blessing.

Several years of tranquillity followed for France, but it was only a calm before the revolutionary outbreak of 1848. The first effect of the storm was the loss of the house at Montet, as all religious orders were expelled from Switzerland. The house at Turin had to be abandoned, and soon afterwards all the other houses of the north of Italy. When the news of the closing of these five houses reached Mother Barat she did not for one instant lose her self-possession, though the work of twenty years was swept away. After calmly reading the letters, she said: "God's will, not ours, be done," and she received the members of her dispersed communities with a calm strength and motherly kindness that touched them to the heart.

In June came the outbreak in Paris, during which Mgr. Affre fell a martyr to his self-devotion, and with his last breath sent assurances of esteem and affection to the Society of the Sacred Heart.

One evening during the insurrection Mother Barat was told that the court of the Hôtel Biron was filled by a band of insurgents, who had brought thither a wounded man upon a litter. She lost no time in providing all that was necessary, sent for doctors, gave him up a room and a bed, and while the bullets were falling in the garden, and even striking the closed shutters of the room, she dressed his wound and prayed earnestly the while that the poor fellow might not die before the priest could come. He recovered, went to his duties, and from that time never spoke of Mother Barat but as "My Mother-General."

The end of 1848 and the early part of the next year Mother Barat spent in visiting various houses of the Society in France; but in the interval between these visits her favourite abode was at the venerable Abbey of Marmoutiers, near Tours, which had become the property of the Society in the previous year. She was growing old, but old age could never diminish her extraordinary energy and courage. Each year, as it took from her the friends of a long lifetime, united her heart only more closely to that one Friend who never fails those who love Him as she did. In January, 1850, Father Varin paid his last visit to the novices at Conflans, and his farewell to them was his favourite lesson, "Courage and Confidence." He died in April of that year.

In the autumn of 1850 Mother Barat for the last time visited Rome and knelt at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. It was during this visit that important additions were made to the Constitutions, promulgated by the Seventh General Congregation held at Lyons in the following year. The Society was divided into Vicariates, under the charge of a Mother Vicar, who, besides the special charge of one house of which she is local Superior, has the supervision of the other houses comprised in her Vicariate. The sixty-five houses which the Society then possessed were divided into ten Vicariates, eight in Europe and two in America.[1] This and the other arrangements made at this time seemed to Mother Barat to complete her work, and she implored to be relieved from the charge of Superior-General. The Mothers assembled were deaf to her supplications, but she still hoped that the responsibility would be removed from her before her death. This was not to be, however, but for the last two years of her life the appointment of a Vicar-General relieved her from the burden of some of the ever-increasing work of her office.

She continued still for many years to visit the houses in France, though longer journeys at her advanced age were beyond her strength. From the time the Mother-house in the Boulevard des Invalides was built (1858) she lived there, devoting herself to the government of the Society, to the spiritual advancement of her many

[1] The number of houses of the Society of the Sacred Heart is now (1902) one hundred and forty-four.

daughters, and to prayer, the occupation she had always loved above all others. It was by meditating on the mysteries and truths of religion that her faith had always been so lively, her confidence so unshaken, and her love so ardent. Supernatural favours were not wanting to her, but these were only rarely manifested by their effects. Mother Barat's humility kept them concealed as much as possible. What was always manifest was her habitual union with our Lord. She saw Him in all His creatures, especially in His poor and little ones and in the suffering members of His mystical Body. She loved Him in them and them in Him. Everything in nature raised her heart to God, and as she travelled she was always exciting her companions to praise the great Creator of the world. Everything to her, as to St. Francis of Assisi, was a step of the ladder whereby she ascended to the Supreme Perfection, and like him she looked upon each creature as a drop of the ocean of the Divine Goodness. The Tabernacle was her refuge and her home, her heaven upon earth. In the morning, when the Sister went to open the door of the chapel before five o'clock, she generally found the Mother-General in prayer before it, longing for the moment of entrance into Our Lord's presence. For two or three hours she usually remained before the altar in humble adoration. Sometimes in the course of the day she was seized with a sudden thirst for the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. "It is so long since I have seen Our Lord," she would exclaim, and her face would

express even more than her words. Then she would leave her work and almost run to the chapel.

Her thirst for the salvation of souls seemed to increase as her end approached. "The night is close at hand," she said in one of her letters, "the night, when we can no longer work or merit, or save souls. This would be my deep regret, if regret were possible, when the Master comes and calls for me." She had said before that it was paradise on earth to make the Sacred Heart known and loved, and to wear oneself out for its glory, and her constant teaching was complete forgetfulness of self for this end. "A religious of the Sacred Heart," she would say, "would be not only unworthy of her vocation, but incapable of acting up to it, if the fire of zeal for God's glory were not always burning in her soul."

Mother Barat's last days were saddened by the events in Italy, and the triumph of the Revolution led to the loss of several houses of the Sacred Heart. At that time her thoughts and her heart were in Rome, where the heroic and saintly Pius IX. was suffering at the hands of his enemies. In 1861 she wrote: "In the midst of our sorrows we are happy at following the bark of Peter and sharing the anguish of his Vicar. Let us try by our fidelity, by renewed fervour, to come forth like him from the storm, purified by what we have suffered and enriched with merit."

The time for the convocation of another General Congregation was come, and feeling her strength declining rapidly, Mother Barat was anxious not to

delay the meeting. She wished to see the Mothers for the last time, and give them her last instructions for continuing her work. When the Congregation met, in June, 1864, she presided at all its meetings, breathing into it her spirit, whilst at the same time with delicate tact she partially withdrew from active participation, as though to accustom those who were to succeed her to her absence. She again urged the Mothers to accept her resignation, but it was again refused. For another year, with the help of Mother Josephine Gœtz, whom she had named "Vicar-General," she continued to govern the Society of the Sacred Heart with that wonderful sweetness and prudence which had made it what it was, and which lives on in her successors. Every day detached her more completely from everything on earth, even from what was dearest to her, and made her more ready for heaven. On the 23rd of March she wrote to her nephew: "Do not forget me at your daily Mass; I am nearing the end, I am very old, and my failing strength shows me death is not far off. Help me to obtain mercy of Our Lord; I shall have great need of it." A few days later she wrote: "What a happiness when the end comes to have fought for Jesus Christ, to have loved and imitated our meek and humble Lord; this life seems but a short dream, compared to eternity!"

On the 9th of May, 1865, she received under the cedar tree in the garden a little group of the youngest children in the school. She gave them presents of fruit, spoke loving, motherly words to them, and, when the time

came to part, gave them her blessing—the last blessing she was to give to children to whom her life had been devoted.

On the 21st, the Sunday before Ascension Day, on entering the room where her daughters were assembled for recreation, her first words were, "I was most anxious to see you to-day, for on Thursday we are going to heaven." The words were taken as an allusion to the spirit in which the feast was to be kept, but they were literally fulfilled. The following morning she was attacked with congestion of the brain, and speech and movement were henceforth impossible. She was still conscious, however, and in this state received the last rites of Holy Church. She died without agony an hour before midnight on the Feast of the Ascension, and was buried at Conflans in a crypt. Twenty-eight years later the canonical exhumation of her remains took place and the body was found incorrupt. The cause of beatification was introduced in 1879 and is being actively proceeded with.

No papers were found after her death which could reveal the secrets of her own soul. All had been most carefully destroyed. When Mother Gœtz opened the little box where Mother Barat kept her private notes, it was empty, except for a document which had evidently been left intentionally, to be read when she was gone. It was dated April, 1863, and was drawn up as though to form her last will and testament. It was intended for the Mothers forming the Council of the Society, but some parts of it were read to all. The *compte rendu*

is full of the deepest self-contempt, and totally ignores her own great spiritual and administrative gifts.

"I have full confidence," she wrote, "that those who come after me, as well as all the members of this dear family of the Sacred Heart, will profit by my avowals, will repair the shortcomings which I deplore, and will redouble their zeal in strengthening true religious spirit, especially in what concerns humility, our Lord's darling virtue, poverty, its twin sister, and lastly obedience, the bond and guardian of all others, which, if they reign, will assure the prosperity and the very existence of the Society.

"I ought to ask for prayers. I expect them from your charity. I venture above all to rely upon the intention which I read in your souls to maintain fidelity to our Holy Rules at the cost of any sacrifice, to do your utmost to spread the knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and lastly to become, wherever we may be, 'the good odour of Jesus Christ,' whose name, in spite of our unworthiness, we bear. Thus will you make good the many faults and negligences of your first Mother, for which again she begs your pardon.

"I thank you for the care you have so long bestowed upon me, and if God in His mercy soon calls me to Himself, I shall pray fervently that He may reward you for everything. I beseech Him to bless you all, and to engrave deeply in your souls the will and constant longing to immolate yourselves to your last breath to the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and, for His sake, to the salvation of souls, according to the end of your vocation."

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CATHOLICS AND FREEMASONRY

THE reiterated denunciations of Freemasonry by the Holy See not unfrequently cause surprise to English Catholics, who regret that Freemasons of the English obedience, who usually deplore the anti-Christian warfare of their foreign brethren, should be included in one common condemnation. But the nature of the institution itself, apart from anything else, seems to be forgotten by those who take such a view.

The antiquity of the society is much disputed, and its origin is of little concern to those outside it, but during the last hundred and fifty years it has become a very widespread and powerful organization whose objects, membership, and action are studiously concealed. In England, at least, its ritual observances are greatly praised by some Freemasons as being of a religious nature; what is called "a good Mason" is, in theory at least, a theist, and they are said to praise Almighty God as "the grand Architect of the Universe," and His precepts under what Catholics call the natural law.

The object of the writer is not to make an attack upon the Craft, for he numbers amongst his friends and esteemed acquaintances a large

number of Freemasons, but to state some of the reasons for which the Church forbids Catholics to belong to the society, and why they should forego the undoubted temporal advantages which result from its membership.

How it is, then, that so large a number of estimable men are members of a society which has been so frequently condemned by many thoughtful non-Catholics as well as by the Holy See, belongs to the same category of mysteries as the two hundred and fifty religions professed in good faith by the majority of our fellow-countrymen, though logically it is obvious there can be but one which is true.

The objections to Freemasonry are chiefly and shortly as follows :—

(1) Christianity is unknown to Masonry, or rather is ignored by it. The neophyte is taught to see in the Master of the Lodge the "Sun of Justice," and humbly to beg of his new-made brethren "Masonic Light." What that light is it is not for the profane to determine; but it seems strange that any one believing, according to the Gospel, that Christ our Lord came as the Light of the World, should expect to find light and truth in a manner He never taught us to seek them, or that Masonry should be in possession of secret knowledge of anything conducive to the moral welfare of mankind and supplemental to His doctrine. Did it possess it, Freemasonry is morally bound to share it with others. Its secresy is an implied admission that its morality is not of

universal application, or benefit to the State or mankind in general.

All belief in revelation, other than Masonic, in redemption and grace, has to be left by the neophyte at the door of the Lodge with his boots, and by illustrations in Hebrew symbolism he is transported to the time of Solomon and his Temple, but a temple in which all the prefiguration of the sacrifice of Calvary is absent.

The Gospel teaches us that all our prayers are to be offered in the name of the Divine Redeemer. Masonry deliberately ignores this precept, and this Holy Name is forbidden in the Masonic temple. It even rejects the Christian chronology. The religion of Masonry is universalism, or the religion of nature as contrasted with that of revelation. The prayers, or rather the praises, used in the Lodge are addressed to the Grand Architect of the Universe, the meaning of which term is variously interpreted by Freemasons. No prayer is offered through our Lord, by whom, according to the Gospel, "all things were made"; this would be "sectarian," and therefore un-Masonic. The Mason in Lodge has to treat Jesus Christ as a nonentity. Privately it is open to him to believe that He is the Word clothed in the garment of humanity, or a philanthropic visionary and a social failure, and still be "a good" Mason. An English Mason cannot, however, openly profess atheism without liability to impeachment of his orthodoxy. The Gospel sets before us Jesus Christ as the great example which all should strive to follow; the hero and exemplar

of Freemasonry is Hiram Abiff, the Master Mason at the building of Solomon's Temple. Our religion teaches that Jesus Christ is God and Man, equal in all things to the other two persons of the Adorable Trinity, and that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The Christian Freemason, when in his temple, dares—by implication—to say, "Lord, I know you not"; elsewhere, "Lord, have mercy upon me." There is in this a certain fast-and-loose insolence towards the Divine Majesty which has no relation to wisdom and has some to blasphemy. Many clergymen of the Church of England are zealous Freemasons and, it is to be hoped, sincere believers in the Divinity of our Lord; but though outside the Lodge they teach "that by Him all things were made," inside they take their stand on the same religious platform as the Jew, the Atheist, or the Moslem, and deliberately ignore His existence.

It is difficult to consider such conduct consistent in professed teachers of the Christian religion, who claim officially to be ambassadors of the Christ whom they, on certain occasions, by order of their fellow-men, officially ignore. Some are even reported to hold Masonic services in a Christian church, in accordance with Masonic requirements, and therefore with the studied omissions which give such a painful shock to the "profane" Christian.

The clerical membership of the Craft is often adduced as a proof that English Freemasonry is something entirely different from foreign Free-

masonry. There is a difference, it is true, and it is this—the one ignores what the other hates; the English Freemason, clerical or otherwise, officially treats Christianity as sectarianism; the foreign, as a mischievous superstition. The unblinking eye of collective Freemasonry regards both views with equal indifference. In other respects Freemasonry is united and identical, or it could not be, as it is, an international and universal brotherhood.

The social duties of man are debts, the fulfilment of which is imposed upon him by the law of God. The State and the family are the two organisms which claim obedience to lawful commands by virtue of Divine authority. Leaving aside the precepts relating to the family, let us see how Masonry aids its subjects in the fulfilment of their duties to the State. Masonry is in reality a state within a state, a universal and international association which recognizes no distinction of race or country. The State can command by Divine right, in all things lawful to it. Whence does Masonry derive its right to command? How is the virtue of patriotism aided by adhesion to a universal, non-national society which may often, and must at times, import a conflict of duties? Though patriotism is supposed of course always to triumph at the expense of Masonry, the conflict is inevitable. This point is more fully explained later.

(2) The Oath. An oath may be defined as a solemn calling on Almighty God to witness the

truth of a statement, or to make the fulfilment of a promise binding under a more solemn obligation. The Divine law forbids all oaths not taken with judgment and for a grave cause. The Masonic oath is, in the words of the Catechism, "rash and unnecessary." The neophyte swears with eyes blindfolded to keep secret he knows not what; and fidelity to the precepts of a world-wide society of which he previously knows nothing; furthermore, he invokes destruction on himself by his brethren if he should violate it. He empowers them to murder him, in short, in the interest of a society which can show no right whatever to any of the powers of the State. The State is the sole power on earth which possesses by Divine authority the power to kill, or "the power of the sword," for adequate cause. Were this not so the soldier or public executioner would be hired assassins or murderers. Mere expediency can give no right to take human life; self defence is the only other permissible cause: to argue otherwise is to claim that the end can justify the means. By what right does Freemasonry claim it? The sort of answer given is: "What, regard the distinguished men you know to be Masons as possible murderers? Do you consider yourself morally superior to them, and criticize the ancient oath which they, and thousands like them, have taken without scruple?" Such answers are quite beside the point; let him who has taken it be left to the judgement of his own conscience, the proposition may not have presented itself to him in its true light. But no Catholic can regard the

Masonic oath, when considered seriously, otherwise than as blasphemous, contrary to right reason as blind and unknown, and contrary to the good of the State. By way of practical illustration that Masonry will not allow itself to be trifled with, the neophyte, having taken the oath and his eyes being unbandaged, sees swords in the hands of his now revealed brethren pointed to his breast, a rather grim pleasantry if it means nothing. Who gave Masonry the right to threaten with the sword? If it does not claim the right of private assassination, why this solemn mockery of a terrible power and punishment?

A Mason may ridicule these illustrations of the argument and say that the self-constituted justice or revenge of Freemasonry does not proceed to such extremities; but he cannot deny, unless he be an atheist, that it is a serious thing to take the name of God in vain; nor that for a Mason seriously to offend the Craft would result in consequences which may be euphemistically described as "unpleasant."

Treachery is odious, but it is the despicable crime of an individual; private war is a far greater evil. The carpet of the Lodge may not be stained with blood, nor its walls contain an *oubliette*, but Masonry can, and on occasions does, cause the ruin or decay in fortune of men who for conscientious motives have merely abandoned it, without attempting to cause injury or annoyance to their former associates, or to reveal its secrets, which, it may be observed, the Church never requires them to divulge.

From time to time one hears how in war an individual enemy has been spared or befriended because of Masonry. The duty of a faithful subject of a State at war is to kill, disable or capture his country's enemy ; war exists for this end. By what right does he forego his country's interest at the call of Masonry? It may be said that individual action is unimportant, but in certain cases it may prove of very great importance. Take the simile of an analyst, and into the test-tube of duty pour the solution called "in lawful war a man's first duty is to his country," then add the Masonic solution of "Masonic duty" and a cloudy discolouration ensues, which remains until one or other ingredient falls to the bottom. Under given circumstances the bayonet should find its billet in the body of an enemy. The Masonic bayonet must not touch the Masonic enemy. Whence does the right to make so effective an appeal emanate? what title or claim to respect can it show ?

The following extract from an English newspaper is instructive :

"FREMASONRY AT THE FRONT.

"The practical value of Freemasonry in time of need has been proved over and over again. A contributor writes as follows :

"During the present war, the tie of the Brotherhood has been recognized both by Boer and Englishman. A colonel of a Canadian regiment at the Modder River, on a Sunday morning stroll, strayed too far from his camp, when he suddenly

found himself covered by the rifle of a Boer. By a fortunate impulse he made the customary sign, and cried out : " Don't shoot."—The Boer immediately threw down his rifle and hurried to the colonel, informing him that he belonged to 'de Broederband in Pretoria,' and was a member of General Cronje's staff. He begged him to return at once to his camp, and made him accept a valuable coin as a souvenir of his escape.

" The English Rising Sun Lodge was allowed to meet at Bloemfontein throughout the war."

Alison, in his *History of Europe*, Vol. x., Chap. xlvi., gives two somewhat similar instances of masonic treachery, one by a Russian, the other by an American officer. A few years ago a masonic battlefield deliverance during the Franco-German war was worked up into a short story in one of the English Masonic newspapers, for the glorification—not, alas ! the shame—of Freemasonry. Four English officers are said to have owed their lives to the use of Masonic signs during the battle of Waterloo. Freemasonry praises such conduct. The unsophisticated patriot reprobates it. Put the case the other way and suppose the Canadian officer to have been Christian De Wet, who is said to be a Freemason. The " profane " Englishman would have ignored his Masonic gesticulations and have shot him, or taken him prisoner without a moment's hesitation. The Masonic Englishman, if duly challenged, must have responded to the sign, and acted much as the traitorous Boer

did—sacrifice the interest of his country at the call of Freemasonry, or act contrary to the precepts of the Craft.

Similar problems arise in trials before civil and criminal tribunals and courts martial. Masonic signs are not made in courts of justice merely to signify "How do you do? good morning," but to obtain, or to try to obtain, secret advantage. If the judge is not a Mason and the jury are, such signs are a contempt of court or an insult to their honour by implying that they may, under pressure of the private oath, decide in contravention of the public one; or an absurdity, if the signs are mere futile gesticulations. If both the judge and jury are Masons, the Masonic signs are again an insult or an absurdity, or an attempt to interfere with the course of justice. The alternatives are not pleasant for a non-Mason to contemplate, and Masonry expects to be taken seriously.

It is within the writer's knowledge that an English judge responded to the Masonic signs of a litigant in whose favour he gave his verdict; though it is fair to state, this was not contrary to the weight of very confused evidence. Another case, known to the writer, is that of a murderer who escaped the halter on the plea of insanity which those best qualified to judge regarded as utterly unproved, thanks to Freemasonry; for the jury of Freemasons recognized the "distress" of brother Mason in the dock, and saved him from due retribution of justice for the innocent blood he had shed. No daily newspaper in England dare publish the faintest criticism of the Craft,

still less expose a Masonic scandal ; it is hopeless to attempt to produce proper evidence of the abuses concealed behind the veil of Masonic "light," and their extent must necessarily remain a matter of conjecture.

In matters of place and patronage, the first duty of the patron is clearly to secure the services of the applicant best fitted to serve the State or his neighbour. The Masonic patron is sworn to aid his brethren. In justice to other considerations, favour can only be shown to a brother Mason if his qualifications are in no way inferior to those of the "profane" competitor. Without imputing bad motives to our Masonic friends it must be admitted that Masonic light is apt to blur the vision in such cases. In short, it is impossible to believe that all this enormous expenditure of time and money is undertaken merely to befriend the widow and orphan, to practise an esoteric ritual, and to furnish a pretext for fraternal conviviality, and that it does not offer great facilities and temptations to brethren of the middle and lower social grades to favouritism, jobbery and protection to minor forms of rascality, which seeks concealment by means of it, behind the august figure-heads who publicly represent the Craft. There may be matter for praise in the moral teaching suggested by Masonic ritual. On the other hand members of the fraternity do not find themselves debarred from its official honours by table excesses or impurity of life. Masons indeed rarely pretend that their motives in joining the Craft were other than those of personal gain

or social advancement, or to escape the disadvantage of remaining a member of the diminishing section of their "profane" fellow-countrymen. Society groans under the complications of its present organization, which Masonry cannot alleviate and tends still more to confound.

(3) Charity is a word derived from "caritas," which originally meant scarcity or want. It took a new meaning with the spread of Christianity, and now, in the Christian sense, means the love of God and of one's fellow-men for His sake, according to the precept of Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the human race. Almsgiving is one of the necessary manifestations of such love. As a Christian word Masonry would repudiate it, had it not of late come to be used indiscriminately for philanthropy; a noble virtue, though of the natural order only. But even philanthropy cannot be claimed as having any special connection with Freemasonry, for Masonry undertakes no universal duties towards mankind, and concerns itself solely with the benefit and support of the fraternity. It deliberately excludes from its membership the poor and needy, though it generously supports worthy brethren overtaken by adversity, and their widows and orphans. But the object of charity and philanthropy is suffering humanity; Masonic benevolence is applied only to its own members, and more akin to the sick and superannuation funds of trades' unions and similar associations for mutual advancement and benefit.

Furthermore, the precepts and obligations of Freemasonry as regards almsgiving are in flat contradiction to those of Christianity. We are told by our Lord to avoid publicity in almsgiving; Freemasonry decorates a generous brother with a "jewel." St. Paul commands us to do good to all men, but where a distinction has to be shown it must be to a fellow-Christian. As Masonry ignores the precepts of Christianity, the Christian Mason, like the Christian soldier, is liable to be placed in an awkward dilemma, for which he has only himself to thank. Some principle has to go to the wall. Which is it to be, the Christian obligation or the Masonic? Is public advertisement or secrecy in almsgiving commendable or the reverse? Would our Lord have decorated the almsgiving hypocrite with a medal, and did He commend the trumpet-blowing with which he celebrated his own benevolence in the synagogue?[1] As between Mason and non-Mason, is the starving Christian or the starving Mahomedan to have the only remaining loaf? the drowning Christian or the drowning Buddhist the last life-belt? the wounded Masonic enemy or the non-Masonic compatriot to receive first aid on the battle-field? The precepts of Christianity and those of Freemasonry are, in many important respects, perfectly explicit and absolutely contradictory. To which is preference to be given?

Such are the principal reasons why the Church condemns Freemasonry, and why Freemasonry

[1] St. Matt. vi. 2.

is at enmity with the Church. They uphold ideals and standards of conduct which in some ways are directly opposed to one another, and remind us of St. Simeon's prophecy that Jesus Christ was a sign that should be contradicted.

These observations being intended only for Catholics, the writer exhorts them to remember that while it is their duty to think kindly of their Masonic friends, they are bound to respect and uphold the solemn and reiterated condemnations of Freemasonry by the Church. The Catholic must remember that to join the Society is to incur excommunication, that its oaths are—for him—a renunciation of his faith; that at his death-bed the fraternity will endeavour to hinder his reconciliation with Almighty God, and the reception of the Sacraments he has treated with contempt, and leave him to die "unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled"; that as a traitor to his faith he will be expected to show a zeal for the Craft which he will probably find most distasteful; that the Mason who does not "work" is of little account, while only those who are energetic in promoting the objects of the Craft have much chance in the scramble for the good things of this life which are its only reward. While most people like to choose their friends, he will find that he has contracted fraternal relations with an international crew previously unknown to him, with many of whom he would shrink from associating, but who will, notwithstanding, have a call upon his time, his influence, and his purse.

Catholics in discussing Freemasonry are bound

in charity to be most careful to discriminate between the members and the principles of the Craft, remembering what scandal the detestable conduct of some Catholics causes to their holy religion, and what credit the good conduct of many Freemasons brings to their society, which so many of them seem able honestly to regard as innocent and even praiseworthy. They should avoid rash and positive statements concerning Masonic ritual or secrets, which will probably recoil upon them, like the "Diana Vaughan" disclosures, with ridicule. Let them adhere to the simple and easily proved principle that all societies, whatever their name and objects, which require secret oaths and exact compliance by secret exercise of unlawfully constituted power and authority are condemned and forbidden alike by the Natural and Divine Law; and that the smiles of royalty and the adhesion of patriots and philanthropists cannot reverse the reprobation of the most respectable and illustrious of them.

The average Englishman loathes the abstract in argument or principle, and adores the merely practical. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that but few seem capable of mastering an abstract argument at all, or are conscious of the intellectual atrophy which hinders the attempt. They seem to set no value on endeavouring to see the absurdity of the hazy notion by which so many are obsessed, that because an opinion, no matter how acquired, relating to morals or religion, is honestly held, it becomes in some

inexplicable manner objectively true ; that what is thought to be true, is somehow thereby made true, for the thinker. They fail to comprehend that full excuse for intellectual error does not in the least degree mitigate its objective evil. Another object of the contempt of the average Englishman is casuistry, or the science of deciding points of conscience when conflicts of duty and interest occur. He is apt to deny that there is such a science at all, and to believe, if not to say, that half-educated common sense is capable of satisfactorily disposing of such questions. From the writer's acquaintance with Freemasons he has not found, even in the most "illuminated," evidence of the special intellectual outfit required to expound and to solve the problems of conscience, which, for those who can appreciate them, must be constantly raised by membership of the Craft.

The writer has endeavoured to state the case with clearness and justice: should any Mason read it he begs him to give him credit for deep regret that their ideals are so far widely different, that the obligations of the Christian faith forbid their agreement, and that Freemasonry should practise such solemn secresy, which is ludicrously unnecessary for the furtherance of legitimate ends, and for which only gross tyranny and persecution could afford an excuse.

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A FIRST COMMUNION.

In the month of July, a few years ago, in a little room at the top of an old-fashioned house, a young woman was sitting working, but sadly weakened by illness and privations. How much she had suffered since the death of her husband, God only knew! He had been not only a good and excellent man, but also the bread-winner of the little home; and now she and her child depended entirely on needlework, which was so badly paid that it scarcely enabled them to pay their rent. From time to time she looked at her little girl of twelve, who was studying her Catechism with great diligence, and tears filled her eyes as she thought of her future. Eleven o'clock struck and the child shut her book and exclaimed: "I think I do really know it all by heart now! Answers to all the questions on the Holy Scriptures and all the prayers, I can say without missing a word. I really hope I shall be first at the examination!"

"You have prepared yourself well, my child, and that is a great consolation," answered her mother. "I have only one regret, that your dear father will not be there; and also that I am so poor that I shall not be able to get you what you want for the great day of your First Communion."

The poor child kissed her mother and said: "But I can wear my Sunday frock, can't I? Our good rector says that we are only to think of our souls on that day, and not of our clothes."

"But, my child, all the First Communicants are always in *white;* don't you remember last year, and how you were longing to join them?"

The little girl remained silent for a moment and then exclaimed: "I have got a bright idea. If we were to go to M. Léon Desprats and ask him to help us! His father was such a great friend of dear papa's, and employed him for so many years, and his wife was my godmother. She was so good to us, dear old Madame Desprats!"

"No, Matilda," replied her mother gravely. "I cannot do that and humble myself so much as to beg of M. Léon. Since he took his father's place as solicitor, in the house where your dear father worked for twelve years as his confidential clerk, the young man seems to have forgotten us altogether, except when it is a question of paying our rent. Every quarter I have had to sell some article of furniture to meet the debt. Ah, that man can have no heart! I know so well how his father and mother would have helped us. How good they were, and especially your dear godmother! She told me several times that she would leave you a little remembrance in her will; but, alas! she died without leaving you anything. O my God, I am very unhappy!"

As she spoke the "Angelus" sounded, and both mother and child knelt devoutly in prayer.

After their frugal dinner, Matilda hastened to the parish church, where all the children who were to make their First Communion were gathered together. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the venerable rector proceeded to the examination of the candidates. Matilda answered with such accuracy and intelligence that both the clergy and sisters were delighted with her; and the rector not only gave her the first prize, but said that she was to pronounce the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin and also have the honour of carrying the banner of the Rosary in the procession.

The poor child was delighted; but then the recollection of her mother's distress came across her. She let the other girls go home with the Sisters, and remained on in the church praying, until she could find a favourable moment to speak to the good rector. At last he came out, and she followed him and took courage to open her whole heart to him, telling him of her mother's sorrow and poverty and how earnestly she wished for her white Communion frock. The good priest listened patiently to the child's simple words and then said:—

"Do not let your poor mother know that you have told me of her trouble. It would only give her more pain. We have still a fortnight before that great day. Think only of how you can best prepare your soul and conscience. For the rest, do not be uneasy—God will provide."

Five o'clock had struck. Matilda had run home joyously and was telling her mother all about the examination and its results. The poor widow listened with delight and had resumed her work with greater courage.

Some one soon after knocked at the door, which she hastened to open, and her face lit up with joy when she saw the venerable rector. "Father!" she exclaimed. "What an honour and a pleasure! Matilda! give him the armchair."

The good priest explained how busy he had been of late, which had prevented his coming to see her before; and then went on to speak of his satisfaction with little Matilda, and that he did not doubt of her making her First Communion with the best dispositions.

The poor mother, with some reluctance, then spoke of her difficulty regarding her dress; but the rector interrupted her, and taking her hand said: "Now, listen to me. You have always been a good Catholic, courageous, pious and resigned, in spite of your heavy sorrows. Would you now, for a little thing like this, lose your confidence in God? We shall be sure to find the white frock and veil for your child without any humiliation on your part, and as to her wax candle and Communion book, those will be my care."

Before she could answer, another knock was heard at the door, and at the words, "Come in," a young man entered of about thirty years of age, well dressed and bearing in his hand a little parcel carefully wrapped up. The widow exclaimed, "M. Léon! M. Desprats!" The young man bowed and said: "I am come to fulfil a sacred duty which I am sorry I did not do earlier; and I am very glad that the rector should be present too. This morning my wife, looking into a wardrobe which had remained locked up ever since my poor mother's death, found this book directed to Matilda.

We also found a will drawn up by my beloved mother of which we had never heard before. She died quite suddenly, as you know, and had never told us about it. Will you, please, take the book and give it to your daughter?"

The poor lady opened the little case in blue plush and drew out of it a lovely little First Communion book, with an ivory binding and a gold clasp. Then the young solicitor opened a sheet of paper saying: "This is a codicil to my mother's will, which I will read to you:—

"'I desire my son and sole heir to give to my god-daughter, Matilda Dubourdieu, the sum of 3,000 francs when she makes her First Communion. The book which I add is a present which I likewise make to her on that solemn occasion. I only charge her mother and herself to pray for my intention, as they had promised to do once before on the recurrence of my feast.

"'ELISABETH DESPRATS, *née* CASEAU.

"'19*th November*, 1886.'"

Astonishment, gratitude and joy followed this announcement. The solicitor opened a portfolio and counted out on the table the 3,000 francs in gold and bank notes.

In answer to the widow's heartfelt thanks the young lawyer replied that he was only carrying out a simple duty; and the rector whispered to her: "This is indeed providential and a blessing for which you must thank God," and then disappeared with the young man down the staircase.

When they got to the bottom the rector spoke: "You have done a real act of charity, M. Desprats, and I congratulate you. You have shown yourself worthy of your father, who was my greatest friend, and who both as mayor, magistrate and citizen was an example to all Christians. Then as to your mother, dear Léon, she was a *saint!* You have acted as a good and worthy son in carrying out her wishes. But have you forgotten the fervour of your own youth? I have been so grieved to see you so often neglecting the Sacraments and the service of the Church!"

"But, Father, you forget my affairs, my business!"

"I quite understand that you must attend to that," continued the rector. "But there is a time for all things; and the principal thing—is it not your own salvation? I know that you are anxious about something you wish to obtain; for your pious wife has asked me to pray and offer up the Holy Sacrifice for your intention. Well, put the good God on your side! Go with the pure child you have just made so happy to the Holy Table. Take the place of her excellent father, who was for so many years your own father's clerk and friend. Ask your pious wife to be Matilda's godmother at her confirmation, for the Bishop is coming to confirm the first communicants, and I want you to meet him at dinner at the presbytery."

The young lawyer lowered his head and reflected for a few minutes. Then he looked up and said firmly to the good old priest: "Father! I accept. I feel you are right, and I thank you heartily for your kind words. When is the ceremony to take place?"

"On the 25th of this month, the Feast of the Patron of the church."

"I will come," replied the young lawyer; "but shall come and see you before that," he added smiling, and then went home to his young wife and told her all that had passed on that memorable afternoon. She was quite delighted and clasping her hands uttered a fervent, "Thank God!" The good priest returned to his presbytery equally happy and thankful, praying God to bless the object of his many petitions to the Most High.

A Norbertine Religious came to give a Retreat of three days to the children who were to make their First Communion. Their fervour was great and the graces they received were in proportion. Then came the great day. Little Matilda, pure as her new white veil and frock, received her Lord for the first time. To the right her mother knelt, weeping, it is true, but with tears of joy and thankfulness. To the left was Léon Desprats, who went likewise to Holy Communion with his pious wife, who afterwards acted as godmother to Matilda at her confirmation.

The conversion of the young lawyer was a real one. He became, like his father and mother, a model to all the Catholics in the place; while the poor widow never again failed in her trust and confidence in God, who had so graciously fulfilled her heart's desire.

THE WHITE KITTEN.

WHO has not heard of Dr. Todd, the founder of that beautiful orphanage called St. Mary's, at Blackheath, where hundreds of young boys of the upper middle class have been saved and educated when left destitute by the death of their parents, and then provided with good situations, while their faith has been saved? It was most consoling to him to know how well, in the majority of cases, those lads had turned out, and how satisfactory had been the result of their training. But he was a man full of practical charity, and no matter where he was he always found means to exercise it. The following little anecdote will be a proof of this statement.

Dr. Todd was once staying for a short time at Chislehurst, where he had been taking the place of a sick priest. He had been hard at work all day, and was just rejoicing in being able to come home and rest for the evening in his armchair, when a message was brought to him late at night that a woman (a stranger) was dying in a cottage on Chislehurst Common, who earnestly desired the services of a Catholic priest.

It was not till after the little child-messenger had

departed that Canon Todd discovered that she had neither left the name of the sick woman nor the address of the cottage. However, he prepared at once to go and find her out, though it was a terrible night of wind and rain, taking the holy oils and the Blessed Sacrament with him. He had a friend staying with him in the presbytery, who insisted on accompanying him, as the night was pitch dark and they did not know the way. Taking a lantern they accordingly started for the Common, but when they reached it they wandered from one end to the other, looking in vain for any trace of a house.

The weather was so bad that no one was out of doors from whom they could inquire, and Dr. Todd's friend was about to give it up in despair, when the good priest turned to him and said: "Let us say a 'Hail Mary' with all our hearts, and add the prayer that she may guide us aright."

They did so, and almost immediately Canon Todd felt something rubbing against his legs and, looking down, saw a little white kitten. She trotted on before them, turning round from time to time to see if they were following her, and at last stopped, and jumped through a little gate into a garden where a cottage stood and a light was burning.

Canon Todd hastened to the door, which was quickly opened by a respectable woman, who exclaimed: "Thank God, sir, that you are come," and led him into an inner room, where the poor, dying soul was lying. The priest saw that the case was urgent, and at once heard the woman's confession and administered the Sacraments.

It seems that she had come from London to see her friend, and had been suddenly taken ill with the heart disease from which she had for some time suffered, and of which the doctor had foreseen she would certainly some day die. She was a good and practising Catholic, and when she recovered partial consciousness expressed the utmost gratitude to Canon Todd for his visit.

She lingered on for some hours, during which time he never left her, and not till all was over, and the last prayer for the dying had been said and the last absolution had been given, did he return to his presbytery to seek his much-needed rest. His kindness, and the faith and love of the dying woman, brought about the conversion of her friend. The Canon often spoke of this wonderful answer to the "Hail Mary," and of the guide our Lady had sent in the shape of the little kitten, and used to quote it to his spiritual children to encourage their faith in the Mother of our Lord.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

If there be one thing in England which retards the spread of the Catholic Faith and which causes what people call the "leakage" among Catholics, it is the habit of mixed marriages, which we see so often in our densely crowded towns. In some rare instances, perhaps, conversions of the husband or the wife may be the result; but too often the faith of the Catholic man or woman diminishes, if it be not altogether lost; the children are brought up Protestants, or with no religion at all; and the whole family lapses into indifference or infidelity, if not worse. A curious story was told me the other day which illustrates what I have been saying.

There is a charitable society existing in several parts of England for the nursing and care of invalid children. It is not of any particular denomination, so that kind-hearted people of every religious persuasion may join it, and especially those who have an affection for children and who like nursing. A Catholic friend of mine, having been trained for a year in the Children's Hospital and finding herself from home circumstances in a country town where this society was established, determined to offer herself as a worker amongst them.

In the course of her visitings, she came upon a little girl who was dangerously ill with violent epileptic fits. She had a miserable home, the mother being an inveterate beggar, going from one clergyman or dissenting minister to the other, in order to get money from each by pretending to be of his particular denomination. She was looked upon by all her neighbours as a most disreputable woman, but she had one soft corner in her heart, and that was for her sick child. She was touched and delighted at the care of my young Catholic friend for the little sufferer, and at the way she cheered and comforted her and brought her jelly and soup and all the little delicacies which the mother could not obtain for her herself. So, in spite of her violent and disagreeable character, she always received her visitor with courtesy and respect and was all the more pleased when she saw that the little girl visibly improved under her skilful nursing.

One day when Miss E. came in, she left her prayer-book on the table, as it was Sunday and she was going to church. When she left the child's sick bed she found that the mother was looking at the book and then said: "I see, miss, you are a Catholic and so am I!" Miss E. was very much surprised and said, "Really! but I never remember seeing you at church?" The woman hung her head and was silent. At last she said: "You see, my husband is a Protestant and doesn't like the Papists, so that I don't go." "But the children!" continued the young lady. "What about them? Have they never been baptized?" "No, ma'am," was the answer. "What, with poor little

Martha so ill! Would you let me prepare her for it?" The woman consented and seemed relieved at the idea; so Miss E. began the very next day. She found the child singularly good and pious and eager to learn, so that her work was very easy. She knew absolutely nothing of religion of any kind, as no one had ever taught her even the "Our Father"; but it seemed as if our Lord had kept her pure and good, and there was nothing to hinder her belief in anything that was told her.

A week or two passed and the child was not only ready but most anxious to obtain the promised grace. The priest came to see her, and was so thoroughly satisfied with her answers to his questions that he baptized her at once. Her happiness knew no bounds, and then her only anxiety was that her brothers and sisters should have a like blessing. My Catholic friend had made acquaintance with the father during her many visits to the child, and found he was a straightforward, hard-working man, with no such prejudice against the Catholic Church as his wife had pretended. He simply had no religion whatever, and never went to either church or chapel. But he was quite ready to listen to the priest's words; and often, when something struck him, would say to his wife: "Why didn't you tell me that before?" The wife became thoroughly ashamed of herself, and at last made up her mind to go to confession and change her ways.

The end of it was that the whole family came into the Church. The children were sent to Catholic schools, and little Martha, who had quite recovered, was an example to them all of goodness and fervour.

But how rarely does such a happy result occur in a mixed marriage! For one instance like this, brought about by the untiring devotion of Miss E., I know of hundreds who have lost their faith and whose children have been brought up in an utterly godless manner, generally ending in filling our prisons or reformatories. When will young men and women realize that no happiness, even in this world, can be secured if, on the most important subject, there is no unity of faith? In the words of the Bishop of Salford in a pastoral letter to his flock he says: "It may well be doubted whether mixed marriages have not done and are not doing, at the present hour, more injury even than intemperance, by weakening the Church and hindering her progress by subverting the faith and leading souls to perdition by apostasy. And yet, in spite of these appalling results, which are daily before their eyes, Catholic parents in many cases look with indifference if not with complacency on these terrible dangers! If mixed marriages amongst the poorer classes could be abolished, the chief source of leakage in our ranks would be dried up. Let then all priests and parents, young men and young women, the laity generally and especially the teachers and religious inspectors of our schools, unite in a holy crusade against this great and growing evil, checking or preventing it by every prudent and legitimate means within their reach. The wisdom, nay, the absolute necessity of the Church condemning and discouraging mixed marriages needs no further vindication than the facts which are taking place in every city, town and congregation in England."

DOG STORIES.

Who is there in Great Britain who does not care for dogs? Whoever they may be, I pity them, and feel that they have lost one of this world's great pleasures, if not one of its most valuable lessons; for in depth of affection and fidelity, they would find it difficult to match a dog, in its devotion to its owner or in its grief at his death. A man said to me the other day: "Many friends will do kind things for you; but few will die for love of you!" whereas dogs, very often, will not survive the loss of their masters or mistresses.

When I was in Jamaica in 1867 I had a lady friend who died a sudden and unaccountable death. She had a large Cuban bloodhound who was devoted to her, followed her everywhere, and seemed to understand her better than any one. The poor beast was inconsolable at her death, and followed her remains to the cemetery, together with her husband and children. When the last funeral rites were over and the family returned home, the dog remained by the grave. The next day the father sent one of his boys to fetch the dog and take it some food. The dog took the food, as if it were not to disappoint the child, but dropped it out of his mouth and refused

to leave the grave. The next day some of the family went again, but found him dead, stretched over the mound of earth which concealed the coffin.

Two or three years ago a Scotch peer lost his only son in a Highland property which he had taken for sport. This young man had a beautiful collie dog, who was his constant companion and slept in his room. When his master fell ill, the dog was miserable: as he began to get cold, he licked his hands and feet perpetually, and when he found that failed, he jumped on the bed and rolled his long-haired silky coat all over him to try and restore warmth to the chilly body, but in vain. The poor young fellow died, and the third day the dog died too, with his head on his master's breast.

Another gentleman whom I knew, who was quite devoted to dogs, and had four or five in his house, at last thought he had too many, and consented to give one to a friend of his, living five miles off, who was also very fond of them. This gentleman took the dog himself to his new home and explained to him that he was to remain there. The poor beast understood, and obeyed him, though his new master said he was very sad and seemed to have lost all his spirits and fun. His old master had a Government office which obliged him to go up to town every Monday and not return to the country till the Saturday evening. This the dog perfectly knew and remembered; and on the Saturday evening would trot over the five miles to his old home, spend the Sunday there and return on the Monday morning to the new one. It was an understood thing,

in which both his owners laughingly acquiesced, as it evidently made the dog much happier.

Months went on, when, unhappily, his old master fell seriously ill. It was on a Thursday when the doctors declared the case hopeless. This was not the usual day for the dog's visit, who had never once failed in keeping to the Saturday; but his instinct told him something was wrong and he came and ran up to his old master's room, who died that night. One of the gentleman's near relations, who was in the house, was so touched at the dog's evident misery that after the funeral he wrote to his new master, begging him to let him have the dog who had so shared in his sorrow. The consent was instantly given; but a postscript was added that the writer had supposed the dog was with him, as he had never come back. A search was made everywhere in vain, till an old groom suggested a visit to the churchyard. There the poor dog was found quite dead, stretched on his old master's grave.

The last instance I saw of this kind of fidelity was at Aix-les-Bains. I had been to Mass as usual in the morning in the parish church when the funeral procession of a small farmer who had died the day before came in. The coffin was put on a low black bier, and at the head of it was a little white terrier with his head leaning against the coffin. I watched him during the service and he never moved, nor was he disturbed by the mourners. When the whole thing was over and the coffin taken out of the church, the dog again followed. I asked one of the peasants what it meant, and the man answered: "That was his dog, madame,

and he will surely die, he will not eat or drink," and so it turned out.

Sir Robert Peel, at one time Prime Minister, had the greatest love and admiration for dogs and told me several interesting stories relating to them. Two of these I sent to the *Spectator* (which published a series of anecdotes regarding those faithful friends of man) and I will reproduce them here.

Sir Robert, when a young man, was studying for his Oxford examination with a private tutor in the neighbourhood of Ipswich. There was a well-to-do farmer in the neighbourhood, a great breeder of cattle, who had a small smooth terrier to which he was very much attached and which was always with him. On one occasion, he went to sell some of his beasts at Ipswich, and, as usual, his little dog followed him. Prices ran high that day, and the farmer got a far larger sum for his bullocks than he expected. When the market was over, he went to drink a glass of beer with a friend who kept a public-house in the town, and there boasted to the publican of his success, adding: "I am going to sleep at my daughter's to-night, but shall go home to-morrow morning; and won't my missus be pleased when she sees the money!" His friend congratulated him, and the farmer, having paid his score, took up his hat to leave the inn, whistling to his dog as he did so to follow him. But to his utter astonishment, she would not come. In vain he called her, first encouragingly, then angrily; the dog would not obey, hiding under the settles and in the back-yard and eluding all pursuit.

"Well," at last exclaimed the farmer, "that's the

most extraordinary thing I ever knew. That creature has been like my shadow ever since she was a puppy. She even insists on going to church with me! What on earth has happened to her I can't think!" Then recommending her to the care of his friend "till she came to her senses," and saying he would call for her on the morrow on his way home, he went away, very dissatisfied, leaving the dog behind.

The next morning he started early on horseback to return to his farm, having called in vain for his dog, who, the publican said, had disappeared. The road led through a narrow lane with high banks on either side. As he came out of the high road into this lane, his dog suddenly started up before his horse and by barking violently, running backwards and forwards, and by everything a dog could do, tried to prevent her master's going on. When she found it was useless to try and stop him, she suddenly gave it up and dashed up the steep bank, a little farther up the lane; and in a moment a man came rolling over and over down into the road, with the dog at his throat, while another man was seen scrambling up the bank and making his escape. The farmer dismounted and ran towards the man, who said in a stifled voice: "Call off your dog, who is throttling me, and I will confess all."

The farmer did so and the man confessed that he and his "pal" had been at the farther end of the public-house in a dark corner when they heard the farmer boasting of the money he had got at the sale, and that then and there they had made a plot to rob him on his way home, and if he resisted to murder him. But

they never could get rid of the dog! Her instinct and devotion warned her that there was some mischief brewing against her master and she never lost sight of them for a moment the whole night through. When they left the public-house, she watched them to their lodgings; and when they started early in the morning for the lane, she followed them, though at a safe distance. When they had concealed themselves in the brushwood of the bank, they fancied she had gone back to the farm; but she had only lain down out of sight and watched them till she heard the hoofs of her master's horse, when she dashed forward to stop him, as I have related. Some other labouring men came up while the man was speaking, and the would-be robber was arrested and brought to trial at the assizes, where Sir Robert was present and heard the whole evidence. The dog was produced in court, by the magistrate's desire, as having saved her master's life; and her extraordinary intelligence and fidelity made such an impression on Sir Robert Peel that he was never weary of repeating the story. The little dog was given a medal which she wore all her life; and I need not add with what increased affection she was regarded by both the farmer and his wife.

Another story which Sir Robert was equally fond of telling related to Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, whom he knew. Hogg had a collie whom he had trained from a puppy and who literally understood everything he said. One evening there came on a terrible snow-storm, and that so suddenly and unexpectedly that he had not had time to collect his flock and bring them under

shelter. Taking his dog on his knees, as his custom was when he had anything special to tell her, he explained to her that she must go "east" and he "west" and gather home the scattered flock. She understood at once and started off as he directed. Hogg went in the opposite direction and brought back his portion of the sheep in safety; but the dog and the rest did not appear; and he began to be terribly afraid that all had perished in a drift.

Towards midnight, however, Hogg heard a scratching and a whine at his cabin door and on opening it saw, to his great joy, his faithful collie and the whole of the remainder of the flock. Not one was missing. But the dog had something in her mouth, which she deposited at his feet and then rushed out again into the storm and pitch darkness. He took it up and found it was—a puppy! The poor beast had evidently had a struggle in her mind between her duty to her master and her duty to her young. She had had puppies on the way this terrible night, and had compromised the matter by bringing home one with the sheep and had then gone to seek the others. Presently she returned with a second puppy in her mouth; but the effort had been too great. She put the second puppy in the shepherd's lap and then fell down and died. Sir Robert said that Hogg cried like a child when he told the story, and that he never could get over her loss.

When my children were young, my husband and I went one year to a fishing place in the West of Ireland, where there was an excellent salmon river. We took our eldest boy with us; and a neighbouring gentleman

and his wife took a great fancy to the child and lent him a beautiful large Russian water-spaniel, with brown curly hair, called Ikey, who had been the only survivor in a wreck of a Russian ship on the coast. This dog became devoted to the boy and he to the dog; but when the time for our return home came, we felt we must return him to his owners, and so took him over to their country place, which was five or six miles off, in our carriage, as we were to dine with them the night before our departure. My boy slept in our room, and towards one or two in the morning I heard first a heavy panting, and then something sprang in at the window, which was open, and laid itself down by the boy's cot. It was Ikey, who had somehow escaped and found his way back to the lodge. This was very inconvenient, for we were sailing early the next morning and did not know what to do with the dog. Fortunately, a keeper belonging to this gentleman came the next day to fetch something he had lent to us, and to him we committed Ikey.

We had no sooner arrived at home at Wilton, however, than we received a letter from Ikey's master, saying that it was of no use keeping the body of the dog when his heart was gone to our boy; that the dog had pined ever since we left and so he had sent him off to us and hoped he would arrive safely. The happiness of the boy was great, and the following day he had the joy of receiving Ikey safe and sound, while the dog was half wild with delight. Of course, they became inseparables, and no guardian could have been more devoted. The only complaint the boy ever made was,

that Ikey would not let him bathe, but as soon as he got into the water would gently but steadily drag him out, evidently fearing he would be drowned!

So things went on till the boy went to school; but, fortunately, by that time, Ikey had become very fond of me, so that I was able to console him. He would accompany me on all my visits to the poor people in the village and the children would call him "the can pup," as he was very proud of carrying in his mouth the can containing soup or milk which I wanted to take to the sick. But he never would go into a cottage where any one was dying; and the people got to know this so well that they would say: "Ah! there is no hope (for Bessie or Robert, etc.) for Ikey won't go in." On all other occasions he would trot upstairs and lie down by the sick bed and seem as interested in the invalid as myself. Then came the holidays; and I had only to say to Ikey: "George is coming home to-day!" when he would fly to the door, dash out of doors up to the station, where he was well known, jump into a carriage, and wait at Salisbury till the train was due which brought his young master; after which I was only as a friend who gave him his dinner, till the boy's holidays were over, when he resumed his attendance on me. This went on for many years, till he died, at a great age and beloved by the whole house.

A curious instance of intelligence in a dog occurred another year when we were travelling in Ireland. A policeman had been murdered, and a trial was going on before the magistrate in the county town of a number of men who had been arrested on suspicion. My hus-

band was invited to take a seat on the bench, but no evidence could be produced which pointed to the real culprit. At last Lord Herbert said: "Had not the policeman a little dog?" Some one answered in the affirmative, upon which the dog was sent for, and put into the dock where the prisoners were standing. The dog sniffed at several of them indifferently, but then suddenly flew at one of them in a fury and tried to get at his throat. The man was filled with terror and confessed the whole thing. Either the dog had witnessed the deed, or his instinct told him that the enemy of his master was there.

Another proof of the love and fidelity of a dog was revealed to me a little later. It was at the time of the first Chinese War, when the Summer Palace was taken, and Sir Hope Grant, the general in command, was given a beautiful little dog, like a King Charles Spaniel, which had belonged to Princess Kung. This beautiful little beast had been born in a lamaserie in Thibet, and being of the imperial colour, yellow and white, had been sent to the imperial Court. She had the most beautiful brown eyes I ever saw, and lovely, silky, long ears and tail. When Sir Hope Grant had been in England a short time, he was appointed to the command of the troops in the Madras Presidency, and finding it difficult to transport the dog he gave her to me. The day he brought her, we thought his manner strange and unlike himself; and in the evening I received an explanatory note saying that he felt so much parting with the dog, that he was afraid of speaking of her for fear of breaking down, adding: "When you have got to know Lama, you will understand me."

It was quite true. She was positively human in her ways and affection and would put her paws round one's neck like a child and lean her soft head against one's cheek in the most coaxing way. If one were sorrowful, or in trouble, she saw it at once and would lick the tears off one's face and do everything to console and cheer one. She never left me day or night and when the health of my children obliged me to go abroad for the winter, I obtained leave from the French Embassy to take her always with me in the carriage on the railways, that she might not be put in a dog-box.

So, many years passed; when, unhappily, my eldest son was taken very seriously ill, and ordered by the doctors to leave England immediately and winter in the West Indies. I found I could not take Lama with me on board the steamer, and so confided her till my return to a great friend of mine, who was devoted to the dog from her love for me. But in spite of all her care and tenderness, the poor little thing could not get over my loss, and after a very few days died of grief.

A friend of mine in Italy was devoted to poodles, and had two, one white and the other a light coffee-coloured animal, whom he had trained to do everything but speak. He used to drive out in a dog-cart with a little space behind his seat and the groom's, where the two dogs solemnly sat opposite each other. One day he asked me to come and see something in his house. Both dogs were at the drawing-room door and offered me each a paw. Then one remained to receive the next guest, while the other literally taking my hand in his paws and going on his hind legs, ushered me to a sofa in the drawing-room.

A bazaar was once being held in the house for the Sisters of Charity. The poodle was placed at the foot of the stairs, with a basket in his mouth, to receive the subscriptions of those who wished to go up. In vain people tried to pass him without paying. The dog rushed backwards and forwards so rapidly that no one had a chance, unless some coin were put into the basket. Another was placed in the refreshment-room to sell biscuits or chocolate. It was equally impossible to cheat this one of the money due, though every effort was made with that intent! In the same way if their master gave them a penny to buy a bun in a baker's shop, the dogs would not give up the penny if offered a smaller cake or biscuit than the one to which they knew they were entitled. They had also an extraordinary knowledge of numbers, and in the country, if told to put six sheep in one pen and eight in another, never failed in executing their master's orders exactly.

I had seen that in Scotland with the shepherds' dogs, and there is no doubt that dogs learn to understand language in a most marvellous way. Sir John Lubbock (now Lord Avebury) gives the most extraordinary instances of dogs acting upon words spoken without any gesture to explain their significance. Dogs do undoubtedly reflect, reason and remember, and a hundred instances are given by those who have had most to do with them to confirm this assertion. Lord Brampton, who wrote the biography of his fox-terrier, Jack, declares that his dog understood all he said to him as though he spoke his own language.

A friend of mine had a mongrel named Joe, who

went everywhere with her. She was very fond of lawn tennis and used to go to a ground where the game was generally played. One day the secretary told her that the following evening there was to be a match and so dogs were to be excluded. That evening the dog was missing; but when the lady arrived at the tennis court the next day she was met by her dog with every expression of joy. He had understood that he was not to be admitted that day and so had hidden the previous night in the bushes at the side of the ground. How had he understood the secretary's words?

I cannot conclude my little notice on dogs better than by quoting Wordsworth's beautiful "Epitaph" on his own dead favourite :—

Both men and women wept when thou wert dead;
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share,
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee
Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!
For Love, that comes to all—the holy sense,
Best gift of God, in thee was most intense.
A chain of heart—a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Most to us men and also to thy kind.
Whence, if we wept, it was not done in shame.
Our tears from tenderness and sorrow came
And therefore thine shalt be an honoured name.

TEMPTATION RESISTED.

Absorbed by a deep sorrow, a master cabinetmaker, Paul Debenham, had been sitting on a bench in his workshop for more than a hour. He was reflecting, or rather tormenting himself, with an anxiety and care which almost broke his heart. How much he had to bear at that moment no one but he himself knew. His wife was almost always ill; one of his children had been carried off with croup; the other was fearfully delicate; and, worse than all, trade was bad and he had no orders, no work! Then his rent had been raised; it was already too high: he would not be able to pay the coming quarter, and then his landlord, who was a hard man, would turn him and his sick wife and poor little child into the street, and seize all their goods. Despairing thoughts came over him; he was almost tempted to cut his throat with a tool, sharp as a razor, which he had in his hand. But it was only for a moment, and then he threw the thing away from him. Paul had always been a good Catholic, not only believing in but practising his religion, and he knew that his present distress was not in any way from his fault, but from a series of unfortunate circumstances.

Just at that moment a car stopped before the shop; a coachman in livery jumped down from the box, and, assisted by two carpenters, took down a heavy bureau of Louis XV. date, worm-eaten and covered with dust, but evidently of great value. Having got it down from the car, they carried it into the workshop. Paul came forward and asked what he was to do to it. The coachman explained that it had belonged to the grandfather of the young Count B——, and had been in a loft ever since the French Revolution of 1793: that the Count was a great admirer of all kinds of antiquities, and wanted Paul to look it well over and repair it, so as to be able to put it in his library. Everything was agreed upon, the time to be given to the work fixed, and the coachman drove away.

The moment they were out of sight, Paul threw himself on his knees, and offered up a heartfelt little prayer of thanksgiving to God for this unexpected answer to his doubts and fears. Then he began carefully to examine the old bureau. There would certainly be a good deal to do to it, but it would be well worth while, and it would be really a pleasure to undertake the work. It was of magnificent old oak, and would make a lovely piece of furniture. On examining the drawers, he discovered in one corner a little bright button.

"I see," he exclaimed, "this is a secret drawer! There always were things of this sort in bureaus of that date." He tried to open it, and pressed upon the little button, but it would not yield. Paul then passed his hand through the empty drawer, and discovered another little button of the same size. Pressing the two together,

the noise of a spring was heard, and a little trap-door inside opened and revealed a deep cavity in the thickness of the wood. Paul plunged his hand into it and drew out a velvet purse. It was red, embroidered with "fleurs de lys" and tied together with gold cords. It was very heavy, and when he opened it he found, to his great surprise, that it was full of gold pieces, silver ducats and rare old coins, the whole quite a fortune! He put his hand in still farther and found a quantity of bank notes, rolls of parchment, old deeds, rents, etc., etc., the whole, though yellow with age, yet perfectly well preserved. Evidently the poor old Count, who had had to fly for his life, had hidden these treasures in this secret drawer before starting for his exile, and had confided the bureau to some one on whom he could depend. How was it that they had never been found before? That was a mystery. "One must own," he exclaimed, "that this hiding-place was most adroitly concealed! Who would ever have suspected that there was such a recess?"

The temptation came into Paul's head that he should appropriate this money, of the existence of which no one knew save himself. What a godsend the old coins would be to him, threatened as he was with having all his little property seized for rent! He was on the point of yielding when his pious wife, Hortense, came in to see what work had been brought to her husband.

Paul explained the whole thing to her and added: "Think what a Providence it would be for us just now! We have only got to hold our tongues and we should be quite rich!"

"Paul!" exclaimed Hortense, thoroughly alarmed at her husband's proposal; "this gold and silver is not ours. Who has told you that no one else has found it out? How do you know that some other person has not discovered the secret of the spring? Then these coins are no longer current: they would only be valuable to collectors of antiquities. If you sold them, you would be asked where they came from, and how they came into your possession? and you would be treated as a thief. What could you say in answer? But besides all this it would be a sin. God forbids us to take the least thing belonging to another. Go to the Count and tell him of your discovery. It is the only honest way of getting any real profit out of this business!"

"You are right, Hortense," replied Paul, "and I see I was tempted to do a dishonourable action. I will go at once to the Count. Brush my Sunday coat for me and give me my hat."

Paul went straight up to the Castle, where he asked to speak to the Count. He was at once shown into his room and began by thanking him for his kind order, after which he explained in full detail his discovery of the secret drawer and of the money and coins and all the interesting family papers he had found there.

The Count rose and took the hand of the honest workman. "I will come home with you," he said, "for what you have told me excites my highest curiosity. Never had I heard or thought of this old piece of furniture containing such treasures! But what I admire still more," he added, "is your probity and honesty. Come along, and let us go and see it together."

The Count was delighted; besides the money he found several very important family papers, which he had long sought for in vain. As to the money and coins, they were worth a hundred thousand francs! His grandfather had died in exile, and his secret had died with him.

The Count was grieved to see, however, by the appearance of the house, the distress of the honest tradesman; and before he went away he left a pocket-book on the table containing a couple of hundred francs.

"My good friend," he exclaimed, "I advance you this on account for your work and to meet your most pressing needs. Restore the piece of furniture as well as you can; but remember that in a find like this the discoverer is entitled to share with the proprietor. I propose that we should divide the profits; as soon as I can find a dealer for these valuable old coins, I will give you your share. Good-bye, my honest friend!"

The Count went away rejoicing; and Paul and Hortense, full of thankfulness and happiness, embraced one another, almost crying for joy.

"Ah!" exclaimed Paul, "how wise I was to follow your advice to remain faithful to God and to listen to the voice of conscience!"

Ever after, when he said the words in the "Our Father," "Lead us not into temptation," he remembered this day and its consequences. From having resisted this temptation his future was secured, for the Count was never weary of telling the story, and work poured in upon him from all sides, so that he soon became independent and rich.

"ROME'S APPALLING RECORD:"

OR THE

FRENCH CLERGY AND ITS CALUMNIATORS

By the REV. JOHN GERARD, S.J.

In one regard at least the kind of religious spirit which subsists on hatred of the Catholic Church, exhibits a remarkable analogy to the famous Philosopher's Stone. This was warranted—could it but be found—to change any base metal or worthless dross into sterling gold. In like manner a certain class of people, claiming in a very special manner to be "religious," can perform transmutations no less wonderful, and replenish their treasure-house from the least promising materials. They start with the principle that to assail the Church is so supremely meritorious as to furnish convincing evidence of every excellence in the assailant; and accordingly the more bitter and implacable be his attitude towards her, the more sure they are of his wisdom and virtue.

It is plainly on this safe and facile principle that a recent biographer has declared Voltaire to have been an eminently religious person,—a verdict which has attracted wonderfully little notice on the part of critics; and an example no less remarkable is furnished by the attitude

assumed by the Yahoos of the Protestant Press towards Voltaire's worthy disciple, the present French Premier.

To all who have any acquaintance with the course of French affairs it must be perfectly obvious that the real object steadily pursued by M. Combes, and the intolerant faction whose tool he has become, is to de-Christianize the nation, to stamp out every vestige of religious belief, to proscribe the very name of God, and make a clean sweep of every influence that could stem the tide of blank infidelity. It is no less manifest that they have begun their attack with those of whom they are most afraid, and that if they have refrained from assailing others, it is not on any score of love or tolerance, but only because they know that from these they have nothing to fear. But to listen to the vociferous utterances of what we may style the Protestant gutter-press, it might be supposed that the French Minister is a man of God, urged only by a high and holy indignation to rid the land of a rank abomination which cries to Heaven for vengeance; and that if he declares war upon the Church,—her priesthood, her Orders, and her education,—it is only because he knows her to be a sink of corruption whereof the country must be rid, if its people are to breathe a pure and wholesome atmosphere.

Such undoubtedly is the moral of a broadsheet circulated some months ago by the Protestant Press Agency, under the title, "Rome's Appalling Record," with the object of showing, in its own choice language, that the Catholic clergy of France are a set of "moral dung-bugs," that our countrymen are guilty of inexcusable folly in "allowing France to dump her Romish *débris*, male and female, on the shores of Protestant England," and that the great lesson to be learnt is this: "Englishmen and Englishwomen! As you love your God and your country, keep your children from the abominable Confessional. No peace with Rome!"

The document thus introduced consists of a number of gross charges, fifty-two in all, said to have been established against clerics or religious, chiefly in France, during the years 1897, 1898, and 1902; and we are bidden to remember that, "A tree is known by its fruit." As to the exact character of the charges, it will be sufficient to say that they are mostly of a nature which, while it makes decent people loth to speak about them, appears at the same time to furnish a supreme attraction for writers of another stamp.

When we proceed to examine the revolting catalogue, it speedily becomes clear that it would be interesting to know more of its history. When it first made its appearance it was industriously circulated, and forced upon the notice of Catholics as something that would certainly confound them. Now, however, it manifests so retiring a disposition that it seems impossible to procure a specimen—those who put it forth protesting that it is completely out of print, and that they have not a single copy left with which to oblige a customer. As to its contents, those who desire to know upon what authority such grave allegations are based do not appear likely to have their curiosity gratified. As a matter of course in such a production, no sources of information are indicated, but it at once becomes evident that they are not the same throughout, the records for the years 1897 and 1898 being clearly drawn from a source different from that of 1902. And what of the intervening years? Why this curious hiatus? It cannot be said that much light is thrown on the subject by the reply of a prominent official of the Agency, Mr. A. Le Lievre[1]:—"The leaflet was sent to press in a hurry; that is the reason why the figures for 1899, 1900, and 1901 were omitted." Mr. Le Lievre proceeded to give a little information as to sources. The statistics for 1897 and 1898, he tells

[1] *Daily News*, February 5, 1904.

us, were "taken from the Boston (U.S.A.) *Citizen*, while the 'shocking' list for 1902, compiled by a French journalist, is taken from the Paris *Lanterne*." It certainly appears a rather curious mode of procedure to seek information concerning the action of French tribunals in an American newspaper, or in France itself to have recourse to a journal of low character and hostile bias. If the things alleged really happened, they must have been notorious, and there could not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining testimony on all hands, and from sources open to no suspicion.

The English copyists are evidently persuaded that an "Abbé" is an "Abbot," and in consequence it would appear from their list that Abbots in France are at least as plentiful as blackberries. In like manner, they take "Curé" to mean a "Curate," and seem to see no difficulty in the two offices being united in the same person. In the earlier period, however (1897 and 1898), by far the largest element in their catalogue is furnished by Brothers of teaching Orders,—whose case could at least have no connection with the Confessional, with which they are anxious to connect their Record. Of these nineteen are cited, as against four "Abbots," one "R.P.," and one "Professor of Morality." In 1902, on the other hand, we find but eight Brothers,—against ten "Abbots," who were also "Curates," two who were "Abbots" simply, two "Abbés," and one "Monsignor," —condemned, in Belgium, for embezzlement. Moreover, in 1897, we have two "former Brothers," and in 1902, one "former Benedictine," with whose delinquencies it is surely rather hard to charge the bodies they have abandoned. On the same principle, the clergy might be made responsible for the doings of M. Combes.

These, however, are minor matters which do not touch the heart of the question. What is to be thought of this horrible indictment itself, and how far does the light it

professes to afford reveal the true condition of the French clergy? Are they in reality the set of monsters and "dung-bugs" whom the austere moralists of the Protestant Press Agency feel it their duty to denounce?

To answer such questions by a detailed examination of the several cases alleged is a task rendered practically impossible by the style in which the charges are preferred, for the method of giving no references has this obvious advantage, that it is impossible to verify any. Fortunately, however, there are other means of satisfying ourselves as to the true state of the case.

Such means are furnished by a pamphlet recently published in Belgium,[1] in which the whole question is carefully examined, and by two articles by M. Georges Bertrin in the Paris *Correspondant*,[2] from which we learn what follows.

In the year 1872 an official Government report was presented to the French Legislative Chambers, giving a detailed analysis of the sentences passed in either criminal or civil cases against members of the various liberal professions, from the commencement of the year 1850 to the close of 1871. According to this return, amongst all the lay professional classes that of notaries stood far higher than any other before the law, and in it one individual out of every 873 had each year incurred a sentence of some kind. Against members of the clerical body, on the other hand, including religious of both sexes—during the same period there were in all 72 *accusations* brought before the tribunals. According to the Government estimate there were in this class 120,000 persons, and therefore there was one *accusation* yearly for every 35,294 "clerics"—the proportion being thus only one-fortieth of the *condemnations* in the exemplary class

[1] *Le Clergé Catholique devant les Tribunaux et devant la Presse.* Société Saint-Augustin, Desclée, de Brouwer, et Cie., Gand.

[2] January 25, 1901, and December 25, 1903.

of notaries. There seems, moreover, to be little doubt that the official estimate of the number of "clerics" is far too small, and that it should be at least 175,000, which would give rather less than one accusation annually for every 50,000.

That these statistics were compiled in no spirit of undue partiality for the clergy is sufficiently plain from the fact that in this class, and in it alone, not *sentences* are recorded, but *accusations*. How many acquittals there were, we are afforded no means of judging. Yet certainly there were some: in fact our authority declares that in three instances, which alone it has been found possible to investigate, the charges utterly broke down when brought into court. One nun was accused of having roasted children alive, and another of having punished a child by making it sit on a red-hot stove. Despite the monstrous incredibility of such charges, both defendants were denounced before trial, in the most violent terms, by the anti-clerical press; both were entirely cleared before the tribunal; but in neither instance was the smallest reparation made by those who had vilified them.

The third example is even more instructive. A priest, the Abbé Vincent, had a foul charge preferred against him by a number of young women representing themselves as having been his victims. In his consternation the Abbé lost his head, and was so ill-advised as to fly the country and take refuge in Belgium. In consequence, judgement was pronounced against him by default, with a sentence of penal servitude for life; and during two years afterwards the iniquities of this clerical miscreant formed a constant topic of denunciation in the anti-clerical press, and were trumpeted abroad over the length and breadth of Christendom. At the end of this period, the retreat of the fugitive being discovered, he was arrested, brought back to France, and put upon

his trial. But the services of able counsel having been secured on his behalf, the evidence for the prosecution at once broke down so utterly under cross-examination that the public prosecutor (M. Deschamps, Procureur de la République) threw up his brief, and the judge (M. Bernard, Président du Tribunal) directed the jury to return a verdict absolutely acquitting the accused on all points. Yet, in spite of the manifest proof thus afforded that there had been not only fraud but conspiracy, the legal authorities would not order the prosecution of those who had done an innocent man so grievous a wrong, which serves at least to show that they were not prejudiced on the clerical side. It need scarcely be added that no reparation was made to the injured priest by the journals which had so long held him up to the execration of the world.

The statistics which we have just considered, though of somewhat antique date, avail at least to show that, unless the character of the French clergy has undergone a complete transformation, it is very different from what its traducers would have us believe. But we need not restrict ourselves to a period so remote. Since the year 1864 the French Ministry of Justice has published annually a report restricted to charges of a criminal nature, in which professional men are classified under four categories :—

1. The Legal, including barristers, solicitors, notaries, and officers of the courts (*Huissiers*) ; 2. The Artistic ; 3. The Medical, including physicians, surgeons, apothecaries (*Pharmaciens*), and midwives ; 4. The Clerical, including priests and religious of both sexes.

From an analysis of these returns we obtain the following particulars :—

Between 1864 and 1892,—there was in the Legal class 1 criminal conviction annually for every 996 of its members ; in the Artistic, 1 for every 2,958 ; in the

Medical, 1 for every 3,898; in the Clerical, 1 for every 23,474.

From 1893 to 1897 there were,—for the Lawyers, 1 conviction yearly per 1,166; for the Artists, as in the previous term, 1 per 2,958; for the Medicos, 1 per 3,275; for the "Clerics," 1 per 32,154.

From 1897 to 1902 we find, for the Lawyers, 1 per 2,054; for the Artists, 1 per 3,802; for the Doctors, 1 per 5,474; for the "Clerics," 1 per 33,222.

It is beside our present purpose to inquire what may be the explanation of the marked improvement in the first three classes which these last figures should indicate, an improvement due according to some to the increase of republican virtue, and according to others to the lower standard of public morality favoured by an expurgated magistracy. Thus much is clear, on authority which no one will accuse of any tenderness towards the clerical body, that while the morality of the professional classes generally, as tested in the law-courts, is far above that of any other, the clerical class in particular is beyond comparison the most blameless within its limits. It is likewise clear that these official statistics can by no possibility be reconciled with the "Appalling Record" which has suggested this inquiry. This does not pretend to give a complete list of the offences brought home to clerics, but only of such as are sufficiently nasty for its purpose; yet, as it stands on the broadsheet the catalogue of clerical condemnations for the years 1897 and 1898 is grossly in excess of the total reached during the same periods by the official record of an anti-clerical Government.

Whatever trustworthy information is to be gleaned in other quarters is always similar in import. Thus, there have been published the statistics of the Court of Appeal for the district of Nancy from 1811 to 1879. The clerical population of the district, it is calculated, must

throughout this period never have fallen below 6,000; yet during these sixty-eight years, there are recorded no more than seven clerical condemnations, or little more than one every ten years.

To refute evidence such as the above is obviously no easy matter, nor does it become easier when we proceed to consider the testimonies adduced on the anti-clerical side. Some examples of such testimony must be examined.

In the year 1898 there was published at Rheims a list of clerical scandals for 1897, which professed to be strictly statistical, and was calculated, in the words of its author, to demonstrate once for all that those who brand priests and religious as the worst of criminals state only the simple truth. According to this, there had been within the year in question forty criminal convictions of "clericals."

The question was, however, immediately taken up by the *Avenir*, a Catholic newspaper of the same city, and the facts thus brought to light are undoubtedly highly instructive. In the first place, the author of the indictment had by no means confined himself to France in his search for materials, but had requisitioned not only the French Colonies but Italy as well. Moreover, he reckoned not only priests and religious, male and female, but likewise ecclesiastical seminarists, ex-religious, church beadles, church choristers, and even the lay manager of a Catholic co-operative association. Thus augmented, the clerical forces in France itself cannot be reckoned at less than half-a-million, and accordingly were all the forty alleged offences committed on French soil, and were they moreover proved to be genuine, we should have no more terrible average of criminality than one scandal for every thousand and more individuals.

Again, in order rightly to estimate such a document we should know not only how the figures were obtained

but also what they mean, and here too there appears to be a good deal to say, for the nature of some of the "scandals" is not what would be gathered from such a description. Thus, amongst those who are included in this black-list, was a priest who when brought into court was found to be insane; and two nuns who had distributed medicine gratuitously were found guilty of a legal offence, that of practising pharmacy without a license. There were, we are assured, other items in the count of no more heinous character.

As we have seen, a certain number of the alleged scandals are imported from Italy, and in regard of such importations it is clearly necessary, and by no means in this instance alone, to be particularly cautious. We are informed by the *Bien Public* of Ghent,[1] that upon investigation of a number of clerical scandals quoted from that country, the convents or monasteries in which offences are said to have been perpetrated, and the persons said to have perpetrated them, have alike proved to be wholly fabulous, having no existence whatever. The same informant adds that there is manifestly a well-organized system for the concoction of such slanders, and that imaginary persons and places are found to be most convenient in practice, as obviating the danger of libel-actions. Also, that the principal purveyor of this garbage is known to be a certain Dr. J. Lipp, a German, who has been eleven times convicted of libel, and who has had to abscond both from his own country and from Rome.

So much for one source of anti-clerical "facts."

In 1896 another shocking record, even more appalling in character, was spread broadcast in the North of France. According to this, within the space of a single year no less than 240 clerics had been convicted in France of criminal offences, which in 54 instances were of a filthy

[1] August 22, 1903.

character. This, however, need not detain us long, for such an assertion is both shamelessly and preposterously false, as is indeed obvious from the figures already given.

In no single year from 1850 to 1896 did the criminal convictions of clerics, all told, approach one-tenth of the convictions here alleged for immorality alone, while, as we have seen, the average was far lower still.

Beyond this, it is evident that here again, as in the Italian scandals just mentioned, deliberate fabrication has been at work, as is clear from the following instances adduced by the libeller:

Brother Raymond, teacher at Commines (Somme): 8 years penal servitude:

In the Department of Somme there is no such commune as Commines.

Brother Seraphim, director of the Orphanage of Notre-Dame des Rochers: penal servitude for life:

There is not in the whole of France any commune or any orphanage called Notre-Dame des Rochers.

Brother Charles-le-Bon, teacher at Montplaisir (Rhône): 12 years penal servitude.

There is not in the Rhône, nor elsewhere in France, any such commune as Montplaisir.

The Abbé Obry, Curé of Raidville (Vosges): penal servitude for life.

There is no commune in France of this name. So too for *the Abbé Isaac, vicaire at Plangonner (Côtes du Nord)*; for *the Abbé Carre, Curé of Vizelize (Meurthe et Moselle)*; and for *Brother Régis, teacher at Puy de Dôme*—not one of these places exists, either in the Departments named or in any other part of France.

In like manner a pamphlet has been published at Seraing, in Belgium, giving a long list of criminous clerics, which is an invention from beginning to end. The ecclesiastical authorities testify that not one of

those thus denounced is known in the diocese to which he is said to belong.

In another recent instance, a list circulated broadcast by the irreligious press has been made the subject of investigation, with the result that no fewer than fourteen French dioceses are found to know nothing of priests said to belong to them.[1]

One more indictment of the clergy must be mentioned, which might appear to derive authority from its source. This is a so-called statistical record published in 1880 by the well-known M. Paul Bert, who not only had been a Minister of State, but was confessedly a distinguished man of science. But with him, even more than with most of his fellow-politicians, anti-clericalism was a passion, and the avowed object of the publication now in question was to refute the conclusions drawn in favour of the hated clerics from the record of which we have spoken as published in 1872. M. Bert's statement covered a little more than eight years, from January, 1871, to April, 1879, during which period, as he declared, there had been 76 convictions of religious (*Congréganistes*), whose total in France he put down as 9,469, whence it evidently followed that the proportion of criminals in their ranks must be large. The smallness of the figure thus assigned to the religious must undoubtedly startle any one who has perused the statistics we have already cited, and it was flatly contradicted by M. Bert himself in a return which he presented at the very same epoch to the Legislative Chambers. Upon this latter occasion his object was to depreciate the merit of religious as school-teachers, and accordingly he argued that the successes undoubtedly achieved by their pupils were not surprising, considering the numbers engaged in the work;—for there were, he said, 5,700 religious persons teaching in state schools, and 18,283 in

[1] *Correspondant*, December 25, 1903, p. 1088.

private schools. That is to say, there were 23,983 *teachers* belonging to a class which he had just declared to comprise in all only 9,469 members. It is self-evident that a man who can play fast and loose in this reckless fashion forfeits all claim to consideration, and that his authority can be accepted by no one who has any regard for truth. It was still more unfortunate for M. Bert that in 1879, the very year preceding the issue of his pretended statistics, an official Government return gave the number of *Congréganistes*, of both sexes, in France and the Colonies, as 135,003, and accordingly, even supposing his record of 76 convictions in over eight years to be correct, the immunity from crime of their members would be proved to be far beyond that of any other class of the community.

But besides this, as we have seen, the official records on this point did not cease with 1872, but cover the whole period of which he speaks, and prove to demonstration that his assertions are mere calumny. In truth, the strength of these slanders is the unwillingness or incapacity of honest men to believe that malice itself can lie with such brazen effrontery. But until this be realized, the actual state of the case cannot be understood.

As M. Bertrin observes, all lists of criminals are branded as suspicious which anticipate the official returns of which we have spoken, or which give the names of the culprits in question: for the said returns furnish the only practical source of information, and they do not give the names, but only the professions, of those against whom charges have been brought or offences proved. Moreover, it is found that, in every case, lists of this description are absolutely contradicted by the official return. M. Bertrin himself, more than three years ago, specifically denounced as mendacious several of these pretended records, and he now tells us

that in no single instance has any attempt been made to refute his facts and figures by any argument more cogent than abuse. Yet these bogus catalogues of clerical scandal had all been industriously disseminated, and in some instances placarded to shock the simple minds of the peasantry.

It is particularly interesting to notice that amongst the spurious documents specifically challenged by M. Bertrin,[1] is the first moiety of our friend the "Appalling Record," or rather of its main portion, for in its original form it comprised only Brothers belonging to teaching Congregations, and the "Abbots" and Professors of Morality, of whom we now hear, have been provided somewhere else. Yet even in the first and scantier form the list is seen to have been grossly falsified; for whereas it gives for 1897 ten clerical cases, there were in reality but five; and in 1898, instead of eleven convictions, there were but four accusations, one resulting in an acquittal.

As for the statistics of the *Lanterne* for 1902, which the Protestant Press Agency adopts, it will be sufficient to say that when these were given to the world the official record for that year had not yet been published. From this fact we are now in a position to draw our own inferences, which may be supported by yet other examples. Thus, before the issue of the Government returns for 1899, it was loudly proclaimed that twenty-one religious teachers had that year been sentenced and but two secularists, and that accordingly "there were ten-and-a-half times as many crimes committed in schools where God was, as in those where He was not"—a style of language which even the extremest Protestants should find significant. But when the official statistics appeared it was found that the convictions of

[1] *Correspondant*, December 25, 1903, pp. 1082–3.

clericals had been but five, while those of secularist teachers numbered eleven.

Something has been said of the mode in which "clericals" are manufactured for scandalous purposes. A striking instance occurred in connection with the same year, 1899—in the list of its offenders appearing one "Leon—formerly a Brother." This man had, it is true, been a Brother, but had quitted his habit five-and-twenty years before, had gone over to the hostile camp, had married and become a strenuous worker on the irreligious side. But when he got himself into trouble with the law on the score of immorality, he was quietly labelled *ancien-frère*, and thrust amid the examples of clerical iniquity.

But no example of the lengths to which mendacity is prepared to go can surpass one furnished by a recent performance of the *Action*, the most irreligious of Parisian irreligious journals. In common with other newspapers, this had received through a News Agency particulars concerning an Italian tragedy: a certain Count Bonmatini having been killed by his brother-in-law, Julio Murri. According to the advices received by the *Action*, as by the rest of the press, the homicide and all his family were big folk (*les gros bonnets*) among the Bolognese Freemasons. As rendered by the newspaper this became "were fervent Catholics." Further it was said that before Murri committed the crime, his father and uncle called upon M. Nathan, Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry, who approved the project, and promised to use his influence with the Lodges there to secure an asylum for the murderer at Athens. According to the *Action*, it was a parish priest—what the Protestant Press Agency would call a curate—whose approval was gained and assistance promised.

Here we may stop for the present. There remains another important field of inquiry, which may be

examined upon another occasion, concerning the means adopted in particular cases to establish charges against individuals; but it seems better to deal with one point at a time, and that which has now been investigated is sufficiently complete in itself. The facts which have here been given are not now produced for the first time. They have already been brought to the notice of those ardent apostles of truth, the members of the Protestant Press Agency.[1] And how are they met by those who are so solicitous for the moral enlightenment of their countrymen? In presence of such damning evidence as we have, replies Mr. Le Lievre,[2] "is it worth while discussing the percentage of criminality in various walks of life?"

That the evidence is damning all honourable men will agree. But it is not against the persecuted French Clergy that its indictment lies.

[1] See an article, "Window-dressing," in the *Tablet* of January 30, 1904.

[2] *Daily News*, February 5, 1904.

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JOAN OF ARC[1]

By J. B. MILBURN

The story of Joan of Arc forms one of the most striking and most wonderful episodes in all history. When every allowance for the tendency of her time to the marvellous and for possible exaggeration has been made, the solid fact remains that a poor, unlettered country girl, who left her village home at the bidding of what she believed to be a command from Heaven, threw herself into the unknown life of court and camp, and, strong in the belief of her mission on behalf of her country, achieved in a few short months, as Mr. Douglas Murray[2] has pointed out, "more than Cæsar or Alexander accomplished in so much time, and at an age when even Alexander had as yet achieved nothing." Nor does her hold upon the imagination of the world consist only in her exploits for the deliverance of France from the power of the invader; the purity of her life and the singleness of her aim before God are parts of the spell by which she has held the attention and commanded the growing reverence of the world for half a thousand years. She was not only, like our own Warwick, a "king-maker," she was also a living type of holy and exalted womanhood, whom many have acclaimed as a saint even before the Church has spoken.

Before her life and work can be understood, and their greatness estimated even in the vaguest way, something

[1] Reprinted by permission from the *Catholic Fireside*.

[2] Jeanne d'Arc: Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France.

must be said about the condition of France in her days. Under Edward III. of England a war had been opened with France which lasted a hundred years. In it were won the glories of our arms at Cressy and Poitiers, and the no less brilliant victory under Henry V. at Agincourt. From this last defeat France was in no condition of health and courage to recover. The country had been a prey to misfortune for nearly a century, a victim to defeat at the hands of external foes and to the distractions wrought by the struggles of factions at home. At the accession of Henry V. the throne of France was occupied by an insane King, Charles VI., who was entirely under the power of one of his great nobles, the Duke of Burgundy. Against the King and his favourite were the Duke of Orleans, backed up by an unnatural ally—Isabella, the faithless wife of Charles. Having married a daughter of the Count of Armagnac, the party of the Duke of Orleans obtained the name of Armagnacs; so the country came to be divided by these contending factions of Burgundians and Armagnacs, as in later days the struggles of Guelph and Ghibelline distracted the empire. Two years after the battle of Agincourt the Dauphin, son of the King, fell under the power of the Armagnacs, whilst the Queen Isabella passed over to the Duke of Burgundy, whose murder in 1417 threw his son Philip, thirsting for revenge, on the side of Henry V.

Bewildering in the telling, this changing strife of parties could not but be confusing and disastrous to a country which had England, a victorious enemy, not merely thundering at its gates, but firmly planted in its very heart. The rival Kings died in 1422. Henry VI. was but an infant, whilst Charles of France was weak of purpose and opposed by those of his own nation. Henry's cause, however, was in the hands of his able and resolute uncle, John Duke of Bedford, who ruled France as Regent and carried the English arms to another victory, rivalling Cressy and Agincourt in its completeness, at Verneuil. The Dauphin Charles now

fled south, abandoning to Bedford all the country north of the Loire. Paris was in the hands of the English, and alone of all the strongholds of France the city of Orleans remained in the hands of what may be conveniently called the Nationalist party. If that should fall there was little prospect of any organized opposition to Bedford being maintained, for it was practically the key of the military situation. The town was accordingly invested by the English in 1428, and its fate seemed sealed, for in spite of the gallant defence made by its citizens, the Dauphin, hopeless of hurling back the tide of invasion after the fruitless appeals for help he had made to Scotland and Naples, sank into inactivity at Chinon. France's fortunes were at their darkest hour, but it was the darkness that preceded the dawn, for just then, when all seemed lost, light broke from the east in the person of a girl who put heart into the womanish Prince and revived the hopes of the demoralized soldiery. That girl was Joan of Arc.

Jeannette, or, as she afterwards came to be called Jeanne d'Arc, was born of labouring parents, simple and faithful Catholics, of good repute and honest life, in the little village of Domremy, about one hundred and forty miles to the south-east of Paris, on the banks of the Meuse and bordering on Lorraine. There and by them she was brought up with good care in the Faith and in good morals, so that, as one of the villagers who knew her deposed on oath, she became "so good that all the village loved her," and grew up, as another testified, "a chaste maiden of modest habits" than whom there was "no one better" in Domremy and its adjoining hamlet of Greux. Her days were taken up with the usual occupations of a peasant girl. In addition to the many duties of the house she busied herself in spinning hemp and wool, and in sewing, following the plough or the harvesters in the fields, according to the season. When it was her father's turn to mind the cattle and flocks of the village on the common land, she acted as shepherd in his stead.

Her pleasures, too, were the simple joys of the peasant folk to whom she belonged. There were excursions into the great woods of the Vosges, and like the other boys and girls of Domremy she went to the Ladies' or the Fairies' Tree near the village on Mid-Lent Sunday, where they feasted and danced.

Not that Joan herself was a great dancer; she was fonder of work and still fonder of prayer. Oftentimes when others were singing and dancing she would go into the church or to the holy places near her village; indeed, her frequent church-going made her the butt of some good-humoured chaff amongst her companions. Her speech was restrained. The Curé of the neighbouring parish of Roncessey-sous-Neufchâteau has handed down to us the witness of Messire Guillaume Fronte, a Curé of Domremy, who used to say that Joan "was a simple and good girl, pious, well brought up, and God-fearing, and without her like in the whole village. Often did she confess her sins; and if she had had money, she would have given it to him to say Masses. Every day when he celebrated Mass she was there." A labourer of Greux, who saw much of her, tells how, when they were at play, Jeannette, as they called her, would "retire alone to 'talk with God,'" and that when in the fields she heard the bells of the church she would drop on her knees to pray. Another labourer testifies to her charity and devotion to the sick from the practical experience of her nursing him through an illness; whilst her kindness to the poor was so complete that she would even sleep on the hearth in order that they might lie in her own bed. Testimony such as this is admirably summed up in the words of M. Jean Colin, another Curé of Domremy, who assures us that she was "an excellent girl, with all the signs of a true Christian and of a true Catholic."

This picture of Joan, which we have pieced together from the sworn testimony of those who knew her, shows that this "most chaste maid" was no oddity or visionary, but a simple, hard-working, God-fearing,

practical Christian, with no ambitions, no desire for change, no hankering after admiration. At the same time she could not be indifferent to the sufferings of her country, for the tide of war had reached the borders of Lorraine and broken into the quiet tenor of life at Domremy. Along with her parents she was forced more than once to fly into the woods or to Neufchâteau before bands of marauders, to find their home sacked and burnt on their return. Dread of the English and the tale of their deeds formed the burden of every household story. Old prophecies were upon the lips of the people; the kingdom, it was said, lost by a woman (Isabella, the wicked Queen, the false wife), would be restored by a woman; and in the east of France the tale ran that the deliverer would be a maid from Lorraine — Lorraine, out of which, like Nazareth of old, the proverbs said no good thing could come. Fed by such and so many predisposing influences her love of country grew, subject to her love for God, into the absorbing passion of her life; she "had pity on the fair realm of France." Here she found a subject for frequent and earnest prayer, and the answer came in a strange and unexpected form.

Joan was in no way apparently marked out for greatness, and certainly no visionary, but her mind was full of the terrible story of the times and her soul ready to do the will of the Lord she loved and served. But the message came; and she heard, and saw, and obeyed. Here, in her own simple words, is the story of its first coming: "I was thirteen [1425, the year after the French defeat at Verneuil] when I had a Voice from God for my help and guidance. The first time I heard this Voice I was very much frightened; it was midday, in the summer, in my father's garden. I had not fasted the day before. I heard this Voice to my right, towards the church; rarely do I hear it without its being accompanied also by a light. The light comes from the same side as the Voice. Generally it is a great light. . . . The Voice seemed to come to me from lips I should re-

verence. I believe it was sent me from God. When I heard it for the third time I recognized that it was the Voice of an Angel." This belief in the reality and divine origin of the Voice she asserted time after time, declaring that she was as sure of it as of the Christian Faith.

But it was not merely a Voice to hear ; there was a vision to see. The light and glory shone about the faces of those from whom her Voices or her counsel came. Her first Voice came with a vision of St. Michael, whom she saw before her eyes, surrounded by the angels of heaven, and when they went from her she wept. The other Voices were those of St. Catharine and St. Margaret, whose "faces were adorned with beautiful crowns, rich and precious," and whose Voices were "beautiful, sweet and low."

The message was at first of a general sort. She was told to be "good," to "go often to church," and "to trust in God." From this she derived comfort and help, but when the message changed to a command that she must pass into France and raise the siege of Orleans her heart was troubled. She remonstrated ; she was but a poor girl who knew nothing of riding or fighting. Raise the siege of Orleans ? How should such a thing be done by her ? But the Voices were insistent, and she was told to go to Vaucouleurs, a town a few miles north of Domremy, and see its captain, Robert de Baudricourt, who would provide her with an escort to accompany her.

For a long time she dared tell no man of her visions. But in May, 1428, she went to visit her uncle, Durant Laxart, who lived at a village called Burey, near Vaucouleurs, and to him she unfolded them, not as visions, but as plans of her own, reminding him of the old prophecy as to the manner of the deliverance of the kingdom. After some very natural hesitation the good man at her second visit took her to Vaucouleurs, where he placed her in the house of one Leroyer, a cartwright. She told her hosts : "It is necessary that I should go to the noble Dauphin ; my Lord, the King of Heaven wills

that I should go; I go in the name of the King of Heaven; even if I have to drag myself thither on my knees I shall go." De Baudricourt had refused to believe her before, but this time his mistrust was overborne, thanks to the support given to her by one who believed in her mission, Jean de Novelonpont. "What are you doing here, my friend?" he asked her, half in credulity and half in jest. "Shall the King be driven out of France and must we all turn English?"

"I am come here to this royal town," came the answer, in serious earnest, "to speak to Robert de Baudricourt to take or send me to the King; but Robert cares neither for me nor my words. Nevertheless, before the middle of Lent, I must be with the King, even if I have to wear my feet down to my knees! No one in the world—neither kings, nor dukes, nor the daughter of the King of Scotland, nor any others—can recover the kingdom of France; there is no succour to be looked for but from me. Nevertheless, I would rather spin with my poor mother, for this is not my proper estate; it is, however, necessary that I should go and do this, because my Lord wills that I should do it." And her Lord, she added, "was God."

Convinced by this solemn declaration, de Novelonpont pledged himself to procure her a conduct to the King, and asked her when she would wish to start. "Sooner at once than to-morrow, and sooner to-morrow than later," she replied, in her firm belief in her mission and her anxiety to perform what was required of her. Another supporter now came forward in the person of Bertrand de Poulgeny, a squire, who had been present at her interview with de Baudricourt, when the village maid had declared that the Dauphin must be compelled to persevere and give battle to his enemies, and that the Lord would give him succour before the middle of Lent; and that she would make him King in spite of his enemies and would conduct him to his coronation.

Backed by these powerful advocates, and by dint of her own persistency, Joan at last overcame the doubts of de Baudricourt, who allowed her to set forth for Chinon

and gave her a letter to the King. Asked by de Novelonpont if she would make the journey dressed as she was, she answered that she would willingly take a man's dress. This the people of Vaucouleurs obtained for her, and de Novelonpont bought her a horse, he and de Poulgeny forming part of her escort and paying the expenses of the journey.

The party set out on February 23, 1429, on the eleven days' journey to Chinon. Joan's mission was naturally the burden of conversation, and in reply to the oft-repeated question whether she would really do all she said, she answered unfalteringly: "Have no fear; what I am commanded to do I will do; my brothers in Paradise have told me how to act. It is four or five years since my brothers in Paradise and my Lord—that is, God—told me that I must go and fight in order to regain the kingdom of France." At first, for fear of the Burgundians, through whose country they were journeying, the party travelled only at night, and Joan appears to have felt very keenly being unable to hear Mass at the places where they rested. News of the wonderful shepherd girl, whose mission it was to deliver their city, reached the beleaguered Orleanists, who sent envoys to Charles at Chinon entreating him not to scorn this chance of giving them relief. On the eleventh day after leaving Vaucouleurs, Joan and her party reached St. Catharine de Fierbois, where they rested and the Maid heard three Masses, and whence she sent a message to the Dauphin telling him she had journeyed a hundred and fifty leagues to help him. The next day, March 6th, she rode on to Chinon. At last her splendid faith in her mission and her indomitable persistency had overcome all obstacles. She was on the eve of entering upon the performance of her work.

Joan, having arrived at Chinon, where the Dauphin Charles was then abiding, was kept two whole days before she was admitted into the royal presence. When presented, she held herself unabashed, for she had seen in her visions finer company than any earthly

court could show her. Charles, plainly dressed, stood among a group of nobles, and when she knelt before him, pointed to a richly-dressed courtier, saying: "That is the King, not I." But the Maid knew better. "Most noble Dauphin," she answered, "I am Joan the Maid, sent by God to give succour to the kingdom and to you." She asked for troops, that she might go and raise the siege of Orleans. This was a staggering request to come from a peasant girl, and we cannot wonder that the giving of an answer was deferred.

The whole incident was a strange one, and Charles and his advisers felt that they must go warily to work. Joan was placed in the charge of Bellier, the major-domo, whose wife was known as a prudent and most devout lady. Meanwhile, two monks were sent to make inquiries at Domremy, and Joan was seen and questioned by learned doctors and prelates to judge whether any faith could be placed in the wonderful things she said. She felt keenly all this distrust, and still more the delay which it occasioned, and one day, gaining audience of the Dauphin, she said to him in a tone of remonstrance: "Gracious Dauphin, why will you not believe in me? I tell you, God has pity on you, your kingdom and people, for St. Louis and St. Charlemagne are on their knees before Him praying for you." And to show him that she spoke the truth and with authority, she took him apart and told him a great secret which made his face beam with joy—a secret which she would never afterwards divulge.

At last, to clear up and satisfy all doubts and apprehension on the matter, it was decided that she should be taken to Poitiers, where Parliament was then sitting, and be examined by a royal commission. There she was lodged in the house of Jean Ratabeau, advocate-general of the Parliament, where she was examined by the Archbishop of Rheims and others. She was plainly told that her story was unworthy of credence; and it was objected that if it were God's will that the English should quit France, they would

go without being driven away by an army. To this the ever-practical Joan answered: "The men-at-arms I ask for shall fight and God shall give the victory;" and the commissioners had to acknowledge that she had answered well and wisely. So the anxious days of inquiry dragged on, until at last she exclaimed: "You are come to catechize me. Listen—I know neither A nor B, but there is more in God's book than in yours. He has sent me to save Orleans and crown the King." So saying she called for ink and paper and dictated a famous letter calling upon the English besieging Orleans to leave the town and depart out of the country. At last, and in spite of themselves, the prelates, doctors, and lawyers were convinced of her good faith and the reality of her visions and voices. They urged the Dauphin to employ her and accept the strange help she proffered, for nothing could be discovered against her, and all their inquiries had told in her favour. She had promised to show her sign before Orleans; let her be sent thither. The common people were more enthusiastic and less calculating in their expressions of belief, and they almost commanded Charles to give the Maid her way. And so in the end the Court of France was induced to stake its last chance of success in a bold throw on the promises of a simple country girl.

Before the end of April a military staff was appointed her, of which her old friends Jean de Novelonpont and Bertrand de Poulgeny formed part, whilst her two brothers followed in her retinue. A suit of beautiful white armour was made for her, and a banner was specially painted at Tours, which she herself afterwards described as follows: "The field was sprinkled with lilies; the world was painted there with an angel at each side; it was white, of the white cloth called 'boccassin'; there was written above 'Jhesus, Maria'; it was fringed with silk." The King would have also given her a beautiful new sword, but she asked for one which she said would

be found buried behind the altar of the Church of St. Catharine de Fierbois. This was discovered as she had described.

Her plan accepted, an army and supplies for the relief of Orleans were quickly collected and placed under the command of captains like the devil-may-care La Hire, whose only prayer was "Sire Dieu, I pray you do for La Hire what La Hire would do for you, were you captain-at-arms and he God." A strange contrast with such as these was the pure, simple Maid with her white armour and banner and sacred sword. God's ways, as represented by Joan, and the ways of worldly prudence, as represented by Jean, Count of Dunois, Bastard of Orleans, were quickly at variance. Joan wanted to march along the north bank of the Loire and attack the besieging English at once, but the captains deceived her and kept to the south bank. Dunois admitted that he and others had thought this the best thing to do, to which she rejoined: "In God's name, the counsel of my Lord is safer and wiser than yours. I bring you better succour than has ever come to any general or town whatsoever—the succour of the King of Heaven."

Then a wonderful thing happened. The supplies could only be conveyed into Orleans by boat, and the wind was contrary; but Joan ordered the sails to be stretched, and the wind changed and the boats gained the town in safety. The same evening Joan entered the town by the Burgundy Gate, whilst the army, unable to cross for the English, was led back to Blois. She was received with enthusiasm by the citizens, who were wild with joy, "as if she had been an angel of God." A few days afterwards the army arrived from Blois, the besiegers looking on in awe, as, after going out to meet it, she led her force unopposed into the beleaguered city. The strength of their numbers now made itself felt on the English. The town was surrounded by a number of forts strongly held; but one by one they were wrested from their defenders by a series of brilliant sorties

in which the Maid was the moving spirit and the never-failing encourager of the over cautious generals associated with her. Dunois tells us of the effect of her presence. After she had sent her letter to Lord Talbot, he says: "The English, who, up to that time, could, I affirm, with two hundred of their men have put to rout eight hundred or a thousand of ours, were unable, with all their power, to resist four hundred or five hundred French."

Nevertheless, Joan had all sorts of difficulties to contend against. The captains did not entirely trust her, and endeavoured to keep their plans a secret from her. They were ever wanting to hold back, whilst she was ever urging them to go out against the foe. But she persisted. Wounded in an attack on one of the forts held by the English, she continued none the less to fight throughout the day. When only the Bastille of the Tourelles remained to be subdued, the French leaders, thinking they had done enough, resolved to wait. But Joan led her men to the assault, and at first it seemed as if the generals were about to be revenged. The place was held by a handful of English, who fought with the courage of despair. The retreat was sounded, but the Maid entreated the officers to persevere a little longer. "In God's name," she assured them, "you shall enter shortly." Stationing herself, with her standard, near the rampart, she said to a gentleman near her: "Wait till my banner touches the fort." Presently the wind caught its ample folds, and it fluttered against the wall. "Go in now," she cried, "all is yours!" and the assailants burst in and the place was taken. The next day the English drew up in order of battle before the walls, but whilst the French were hearing Mass, retreated without striking a blow. Thus was the siege of Orleans raised on May 9, 1429, and so had Joan given the sign which she had promised.

After a day spent in joyous thanksgiving she left Orleans for Tours, where she was met by the King. He offered her honours, but she wanted nothing for

herself; what she desired above all things was decisive action from him. She implored him to attack the other towns and camps on the Loire immediately, and so speed and ensure his coronation at Rheims. This bold proposal amazed the timorous Dauphin and his cautious counsellors. "Gracious Dauphin," she said one day, as she flung herself at his feet, "hold not so many nor such long councils, but come quickly to Rheims and receive your crown!" Half persuaded, at length the King agreed, stipulating that the English should first be driven from the Loire.

Then commenced the campaign in which, with Orleans as headquarters, a succession of easy victories fell to the French. Jargeaux, Baugency, Troyes, and Chalons were captured, and a fight in open field at Patay was won, and all this within a month. What wonder that as she and the King entered Crespy-en-Valois the people shouted "Noel! Noel!" Yet she bore herself full humbly and nobly through all these hardships and triumphs. She said to the Archbishop of Rheims, "Would it might please God that I might retire now, abandon arms, and return to serve my father and mother and to take care of their sheep with my sisters and brothers, who would be happy to see me again!"

Rheims also submitted without a blow; Charles entered it in triumph on July 16th, and on the following day he was crowned with all the gorgeous rites of his predecessors of old. By his side stood the Maid who had wrought the deliverance of his land and people, and when the ceremony was over she knelt at his feet and hailed him as King for the first time. "Gracious King," she said, "now is fulfilled the pleasure of God, whose will it was that you should come to Rheims to receive your worthy coronation, showing that you are the true King to whom this kingdom should belong." And as she spoke she wept tears of joy, in which many who were in the church joined. Her father and mother had been invited to the ceremony, and were entertained at the expense of the corporation.

Here we may pause for a moment and cast a glance over what the Maid had accomplished. Following Dunois and the Duke of Alençon, all who have studied her career have marvelled at the magnitude of her achievements during the months of May, June, and July, 1429. Hampered by lowly birth, by her upbringing, and by her sex, she had yet compelled the learned and the great to give reluctant credence to her story; she had also forced her way through the ceremony and intrigue that hedge a throne and gained the ear of her King. This initial success was followed by the rapid fulfilment of her mission—the relief of Orleans and the crowning at Rheims. In spite of every obstacle Orleans had been relieved in four days; in a month more the English had been driven out of their strongholds on the Loire and defeated in a pitched battle. Not less wonderful was the way in which she had conducted the timorous Dauphin through an enemy's country and secured his coronation at Rheims, the holy city, the baptistry of French Christianity. Outside the province of warfare she was, as all testified, a simple, pious maid; yet in all that concerned the military task she had undertaken she showed herself no unlessoned girl, but a skilled commander, with a keen eye to the weak place of her foes, to the right moment for attack, and a swift judgement telling her when to act.

Curiously enough, too, it was, as the Duke of Alençon testified, "principally in her use of artillery that she displayed her most complete talent." Her stupendous achievements were not the results of mere enthusiasm, but of skill and prudence joined to a bodily endurance and a strength of soul and purpose which multiplied the strength of the army under her command. As Mr. Douglas Murray says: "Like Cromwell, she 'new modelled' the army: the licentious gaiety of the feudal warrior had to give way to the sobriety and seemliness which became a Christian camp. The voluptuary and the blasphemer had to amend their lives. To revels succeeded prayers, and fasts and

vigils. Yet never for a moment did this great amendment develop into formalism or hypocrisy. Like all great souls, she awakened latent good and drove vice abashed from her presence without any conscious spiritual superiority in herself. Men were ashamed to be base in such a presence. Nor did she ever become a law unto herself, as the 'illuminated' are apt to be; rather she was more than ever observant of all the duties and claims and observances of ordinary religious obligation, being ever in heart the simple maid whom the Lord for His own mysterious purpose, and without any merit of hers, had chosen for a mighty task."

Having given a king to France, she now appears to have turned her thoughts and energies to giving France to her king. Whether or no this formed part of her mission it is impossible to say; she was so successful in her first campaign, and so unsuccessful in her second, that many have concluded that it did not. But there is no evidence to warrant such an inference, and it is scarcely credible that Joan, who even in her hour of triumph expressed a wish to return to her simple, quiet life at Domremy, would have remained with the army if she had not understood from her Voices that such a sacrifice was still required of her.

So she stayed with the army, in a hopeless struggle against intrigue and jealousy on the one hand, and on the other against the vacillation of the new-crowned King. The winter of 1429 was spent in controversies to which the opposing principles of imperialism and nationalism are the keys. In vain she strove to induce the King to march on Paris, which, she affirmed, would have opened its gates as easily as Rheims. At length, after a period of enforced inactivity, she flew to the relief of Compiègne, which, under Guillaume de Flavy, had remained staunch to the King, and was now being attacked in force by the soldiers of the Duke of Burgundy. A plucky night ride brought her to the city; this she entered at daybreak and spent all the morning in arranging a sortie. This was made in the afternoon, but was driven back, and whilst she was

covering the retreat of her men, de Flavy ordered the drawbridge to be raised. Fighting with a devoted band of followers, she was at length captured, and great was the joy amongst the Burgundians, on this 24th of May, 1430, greater than "if they had taken five hundred fighting men." After being detained at Margny for three or four days she was sent to a castle named Beaulieu, in Vermandois, and there she lingered four months.

Meanwhile, the news of her capture had been hailed at Paris with much rejoicing and the singing of "Te Deums." The Duke of Bedford, the English Regent of France, who had already attributed the reverses of his arms to "a disciple and lyme of the feende, called the Pucelle, that used false enchantments and sorcerie," sought to discredit her by prevailing upon the University and the Inquisition to demand that she should be given up to ecclesiastical justice, but the Duke of Burgundy took his own time, and only handed her over to the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese Compiègne was situated, for a sum of £16,000. In all this there is an evident determination that at all costs Joan should be done to death. As a prisoner of war her life could be in no danger; as a sorceress she could be condemned by the ecclesiastical authorities, and then handed over to the secular arm for the carrying out of the sentence. She was delivered into the hands of the English on November 21, and by them, late in December, she was taken to Rouen for trial.

It may be well to say here that the story of her capture being due to treachery on the part of de Flavy, Captain of Compiègne, does not seem to be borne out by any evidence given by her at her trial; and it is well-nigh incredible that she should have been wholly silent had she believed that she had been betrayed. What is certain, however, is that no attempt at her rescue was made by the King's party, and no ransom was offered during all the long months of her captivity before she had passed into the hands of the English. The Burgundians had been in no haste to sell her to

Bedford, and one would have thought that gratitude would have forced King Charles to do all he could on her behalf. Yet he never stirred a finger or offered a sou—a sad illustration of the old warning against putting trust in princes.

We now enter upon the consideration of the last stage of Joan's wonderful career, when, like Wolsey, she was left naked to her enemies. Brought, as we have seen, to Rouen in December, 1430, preparations were quickly set on foot for her final undoing. But her enemies had to go warily to work. Her judge was Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, a man whose ambition it was to be Archbishop of Rouen, and whose servility to the English in his action against Joan is explained by the desire to achieve that ambition. With him lay the selection of his assistants and assessors, and amongst these the chief was Jean Lemaître, Vice-Inquisitor of France, brought in because the charge against her, though none was at first formulated, was one of sorcery and heresy. Though charged with an ecclesiastical offence, she was kept confined in a lay prison, so that if the trial failed to close in a conviction and condemnation she would still remain in the hands of the English, a procedure which was in complete violation not only of ecclesiastical but also of civil law. This purpose was made clear in the letter issued on January 3, 1431, in the name of Henry VI., commanding her keepers to deliver her for trial when called upon by the Bishop of Beauvais. "In any case, it is our intention to have again and to take back before ourselves the said Jeanne, if so it should be that she should not be convicted or attainted." What makes this all the more glaringly unjust is the fact that she was practically being put upon her trial a second time and before an inferior Court for suspicions and charges of which she had been acquitted at Poitiers by the Archbishop of Rheims, whilst law and equity were still further violated by her being allotted neither counsel nor defenders.

At last, however, everything was ready, and the judicial farce, or "the fine trial," as Cauchon described

it, opened on Wednesday, February 21st, in the Castle of Rouen, before the Bishop and his forty or fifty assessors. Alone and unaided she had to appear before this body of keen lawyers and subtle churchmen whose business it was to find a conviction, to pick her way amidst the snares they laid for her, and to stand the fire of questions which, far from being intended to get at the truth, were put for the sole purpose of bewildering and entrapping her. But against it all her very simplicity, candour, and native caution, coupled with her trust in the divine counsel which she believed was given to her by her Voices, were her best protection. Thus the difficult days that followed constituted one of the most enthralling dramas in all history. Six public examinations were followed by nine conducted in private. At first she was pressed to swear to speak the truth in answer to the questions which might be put to her, but she saw the snare and replied that whilst she would willingly speak of her parents, of all that she had done since she left Domremy, and of all that was connected with her case, she could not undertake to answer every question concerning the things that had been revealed to her. This point having at length been settled, the attack on her integrity began—her Voices and their message were to be discredited, her own good name to be blackened, and her actions to be proved those of a witch or, as Bedford had denounced her, of "a lyme of the feend." It being Lent, she was asked whether she had observed the fast. Had she eaten as usual, her judges would have convicted her of contempt of the Church; had she kept the fast, the Voices and visions which she alleged were still vouchsafed to her would have been set down as the results of physical weakness: but she skilfully parried the question and declared that the Voices had told her to answer boldly and that God would help her. Then turning to Cauchon she warned him, saying: "You say that you are my judge; take heed what you do, for indeed I am sent by God, and you are putting yourself in great peril."

With the object of condemning her in view, the questions put to her chiefly concerned her Voices and visions, her assumption of man's dress, her faith, and finally her willingness to submit to the Church. We have already seen how fully she was convinced of the reality of the counsel sent to her from a heavenly source. That belief she now solemnly reiterated time after time. "As firmly as I believe in the Christian Faith and that God hath redeemed us from the pains of hell that Voice hath come to me from God and by His command." On the question of the male attire which she had worn since she had entered the life of the camp and prison, she was equally explicit. Asked whether it was God who had prescribed its use to her, she said: "What concerns this dress is a small thing—less than nothing. I did not take it by the advice of any man in the world. I did not take this dress or do anything but by the command of Our Lord and the angels. . . . If I had been told to take some other, I should have done it, because it would have been His command. . . . All that I have done by the order of Our Lord I think has been done well; I look for good security and good help in it." Dealing with her military exploits, in the doing of which it was asserted she had recourse to magic, the Court asked the subtle question: "Which gave most help, you to your Standard, or your Standard to you?" Again Joan came out with honour: "The victory, either to my Standard or myself, it was all from Our Lord." "But," pressed the examiner, "the hope of being victorious, was it founded on your Standard or on yourself?" "It was founded," replied Joan, "on Our Lord and nought else."

Equally masterly was the simple directness with which this maid of nineteen summers baffled the craft of the theologian who asked her whether she were in the grace of God: "If I am not, may God place me there; if I am, may God so keep me. I should be the saddest in all the world if I knew that I were not in the grace of God. But if I were in a state of sin do you think the Voice would come to me?" The last subtlety

with which her judges sought to entrap her was her relation to the Church Militant—a term which had to be explained to her. Would she submit to it? At first she evaded the question by declaring that she referred all to the Church above. Then she professed her readiness to submit all that she had said and done to the Church on earth, "provided they do not command anything impossible"—that is, against her Voices. And here her splendid confidence in the divine origin of her mission again asserted itself. "In case the Church should prescribe the contrary," she declared, "I should not refer to any one in the world, but to God alone, whose commandment I always follow." The man who was cross-examining her saw the opportunity afforded him, and seized it: "Do you not, then, believe you are subject to the Church of God which is on earth; that is to say, to our Lord the Pope, to the Cardinals, the Archbishops, Bishops, and other prelates of the Church?" "Yes, I believe myself to be subject to them; but God must be served first." "Have you, then, command from your Voices not to submit yourself to the Church Militant, which is on earth, nor to its decisions?" Again Joan escaped the pitfall prepared for her: "I answer nothing from my own head; what I answer is by command of my Voices; they do not order me to disobey the Church, but God must be served first."

From these samples of the questions put to her and the answers which she returned some idea can be formed of the difficulties of her position; and it will be as impossible to withhold admiration for her caution and insight in court as it was to stand unmoved before her exploits in the field. But her brave defence was of no avail. The judges were bent upon her undoing, and the whole course of the trial as well as the questions with which she was worried are a proof of it. At first, without, as we have seen, a definite charge against her, the interrogations of the Court were directed to the object of catching her in her words, and so finding what would bring about her ruin. The charge of

sorcery was tried, but even before such judges failed for want of evidence. On the count of heresy they were more successful, for in spite of her declarations of faith in God and the Church, and of her last pitiful appeal to the Pope, they pretended to be satisfied that a charge of constructive heresy had at least been made out. The first stage of the trial was taken up with six public hearings, which took place between Wednesday, February 21st, and Saturday, March 3rd. These were evidently most unsatisfactory in their results, for Cauchon suddenly informed the assessors that, in order not to weary them, he would conclude the examination in private before a few learned "Doctors and Masters, experts in law, religious and civil," who should write a report which would afterwards be submitted to them all for their private study. In accordance with this change of plan, which there is every reason to believe was induced by a fear that the desired conviction might not be attained, Cauchon and an assembly of doctors and lawyers drew up, between Sunday, March 4th, and Friday, March 9th, a process from the previous examinations. On Saturday, March 10th, the Bishop commenced his course of private examination, which extended over nine sittings, between the tenth and the seventeenth of the month.

The second examination was not unlike the first, turning to a large extent on the same subjects and manifesting the same bias on the part of the judges, and, with one exception, the same simple truthfulness on the part of the poor persecuted girl. This exception concerned the "sign" which she had given to the Dauphin. She had to shield the secret between herself and the Dauphin, and she endeavoured to do so by working up into an allegory the idea of a mystic crown brought to him by an angel, put into her mind by the judges themselves—a story which she afterwards confessed to be a fable. At the last examination she was asked whether, as there was much to which she would give no reply, she would answer more fully before the Pope. "Let me only be taken

before him," she replied, "and I will answer before him all I ought to answer." This was too much for the assessor, who quickly passed on to the inscription on one of her rings; for a trial before the Pope or any one else but Cauchon was the last thing that was desired.

After the private hearings had been concluded. Joan's answers were reduced to formal articles, seventy in number, which were read to her on March 24th and 25th. After each she gave her answer, though indeed little is needed to demonstrate their falsity, for the extracts from her statements appended as a basis to each are a refutation of the respective charges.

In such occupations Holy Week passed by; the first three days of Easter Week were spent in reducing the ponderous process of seventy articles to one of twelve, and this short statement was submitted for their opinion to various learned men and to the University of Paris. From a document so meagre, and, as we now know, so mendacious, no complete or even fair consideration of the case was possible, and the inevitable verdict was that for which the Court was striving. The University declared against her on every charge, yet not without so large a use of "if" as to show that the evidence supplied was insufficient. Fortified with this opinion, the Court decided to hasten matters by warning Joan of the peril in which she stood, threatening, if she remained obstinate, to hand her over to the secular power. Accordingly she was called before the Court on May 23rd and informed of the verdict that had been delivered against her, and "charitably" admonished by Pierre Maurice, one of the assessors, who counselled her to retract, if she would save body as well as soul. Still she stood firm, declaring: "If I were at the judgement and saw the fire kindled and the faggots alight, and the executioner ready to feed the fire, and if I were in the fire, I would not say otherwise; but I would maintain what I said at the trial, even to death."

On the following day she was taken to the cemetery of the Abbey of St. Ouen to hear her sentence. Two scaffolds had been erected, on one of which sat Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, Cauchon, and some of the assessors, whilst on the other were Joan, her attendants, and Jean Erard, who preached a sermon in which she was denounced as an infamous woman, a witch, and a heretic, and called upon to submit to the judgement of the Church. Cauchon then proceeded to read the sentence, but before it was concluded Joan appears to have professed her willingness to sign the abjuration which Erard had caused to be read to her—a short formula of no more than six or seven lines. But an evil trick was played her. Calot, a secretary of Henry VI., substituted a longer formula, at the bottom of which, being unable to write, she traced a round "O" in place of a signature. This document was an emphatic repudiation of all that she had declared in regard to her Voices and revelations, whereas the paper that had been read to her contained nothing to such purpose. There is, therefore, abundant reason for believing that her alleged abjuration was no abjuration, and was only obtained by a glaring fraud. It sufficed, however, for the moment to save her from the hands of the executioner, and she was again led back to her prison under the charge of the English, who made no attempt to hide their dissatisfaction at the result.

"Never mind, we shall have her again," had been the remark of one of the assessors at the close of this scene, and his words were quickly fulfilled. Joan had promised to give up her male attire, and dress as a woman. But she was guarded in her prison by five English soldiers, two at the door and three in the room with her, and chained as she was to her couch, she was in the gravest danger of insult and injury. On the Sunday following, her woman's dress was taken away and her soldier's clothes put in its stead, and in these she was at last compelled to clothe herself. Yet this act, which had been forced upon her

by the necessities of her situation, was seized upon as a sign of relapse of which her enemies were not slow to take advantage—she had returned to what were considered her old illusions as well as to male attire. On the Monday morning, May 28th, Cauchon and some of his colleagues came to her prison and interrogated her afresh. The clouds that seemed to have momentarily darkened her mind had dispersed, and any fear that might have made her shrink for a moment from a fate so hard to flesh and blood had vanished. Her Voices, she affirmed, were true; she had never intended to deny them; and they had since told her that she had done wrong in attempting to save her life by abjuring them. What she had done was through fear of the fire. She had not intended to revoke anything, except according to God's good pleasure. God *had* sent her. Yet, if her judges would place her in a safe prison, she would, if they wished it, resume her woman's dress.

But it was too late. As a relapsed heretic she must die the death. "Be of good cheer," said Cauchon to the Earl of Warwick as he left the prison; "it is done." On the following day, May 29th, the Court declared that she must be handed over to secular justice. That was done on Wednesday, May 30th. Early in the morning she had told Cauchon, who visited her: "Bishop, I die through you." An hour or two later she was led out into the old market-place of Rouen, after having confessed and received Holy Communion. Three scaffolds had been erected, one for the Bishop of Beauvais and his officials, one for Joan and her attendants, and another on which had been prepared a pile of wood for the burning. These were surrounded by a body of over eight hundred English soldiers, who hurried on the proceedings by asking surlily whether they were to dine there. The last sermon was preached; Joan was handed over to secular justice and placed upon the altar of her sacrifice. In answer to her appeal for a cross, an Englishman who was near made her one from a stick

he was carrying, and she kissed it and placed it in her bosom. She asked Massieu, one of the priests of Rouen, that a church cross might be held before her, and he got the clerk of the parish of Saint-Sauveur to bring one. Fastened to the stake, and with the devouring flames surging upon her, she continued to pray and affirm the truth of her Voices. One standing in the heat of the fire, holding the cross before her eyes, caught her last words: "Jesus! Jesus! Mary! My Voices, my Voices!" "Yes," she said again, "my Voices were from God. My Voices have not deceived me." And then came her dying cry that rang through the market-place above the roar of the flames: "Jesus!" Her head dropped, and she was dead.

Joan had told her judges that before three months she would be delivered, she knew not how nor when. Deliverance had come through the gates of fire and death, and the people stood around, weeping and aghast at the tragedy that had been enacted. "We are all lost," cried Jean Tressart, one of the King of England's secretaries; "we have burned a saint." "In regard to final repentance," says Manchon, the Notary of the trial, "I never saw greater signs of a Christian. . . . Never did I weep more for anything that happened to me; and for a month afterwards I could not feel at peace." Some said that they saw her last word, "Jesus!" written in flame; another declared that he saw her soul in the form of a white dove soar to heaven. True or false, these stories of signs and wonders could add nothing to the pathos or the horror of the act that had been perpetrated. A pure maid had literally been done to death. Maid of Orleans, she was henceforth Maid of all France; her death had now proclaimed her a martyr to her country's cause at least, if not for the greater cause of God. Her ashes were cast into the Seine, that there might be no relic and no remembrance of her, so far as her murderers could secure it. But God's ways are not man's ways, and it remains for us to tell how her

name has since become as glorious in the annals of France, and of all womanhood, as her career is unparalleled in the history of the world.

Joan the Maid was dead, and her ashes were cast into the Seine. But though no memorial of her was left, the wrong that had been wrought upon her was not to be obliterated. Tressart's cry, "We have burned a saint," re-echoed in men's ears, and the indignation of the people in whose market-place she had met her doom was so strong that her murderers could not appear in the streets without being openly reviled. Long afterwards, when the chief actors in the tragedy had passed away, it was told how they had all come to violent ends—how the mitred, yet unvenerable, Cauchon had died in a fit of apoplexy, how another was stricken with a loathsome leprosy, and how the body of a third was found lying in a gutter at the gates of Rouen. Even after her death Cauchon could not leave her memory to the judgement of posterity; he had wrested justice at her trial, and, dead, he pursued her with a lying account of a second abjuration on the morning of her execution; whilst the English sent lying letters to the Pope and throughout Christendom, to justify the foul deed that had been wrought by blackening the character of the Maid. Then followed the days during which they were being gradually driven out of France, so that by 1453 nothing remained to them of the country of which Henry VI. had been crowned King at Paris but the city of Calais, finally lost in the reign of Queen Mary.

Meanwhile no attempt had been made by those in authority to vindicate the memory of the Maid to whom France owed so much, or even to acknowledge the military services she had rendered. But in 1450, the year after the recovery of Normandy, Charles VII. appears to have thought that his position as King over the territory that was being gradually restored to him would be strengthened in the eyes of all if it could be shown that no stigma of witchcraft or heresy could attach to the Maid who had so marvellously carved a way through all difficulties and led him to his anoint-

ing. The stain that rested upon her memory threw a doubt upon his own orthodoxy and his own right to the throne. Accordingly, on February 13th, he authorized Guillaume Bouillé, one of his counsellors and Rector of the University of Paris, to conduct an inquiry into the trial undertaken "by our ancient enemies," the English, and to report upon it. Bouillé had already written the first memorial ever published in favour of Joan. The inquiry was held at Rouen on March 4th and 5th, when seven witnesses were examined. The depositions were forwarded to the King, but for some reason or other the inquiry was pursued no further. It would seem probable, however, that political motives were at the bottom of the lapse of the investigation. On the one hand there was some fear of arousing the hostility of England, and on the other there was some delicacy in the pursuit by the sovereign of an attempt to upset the result of proceedings which had received the countenance of the Inquisition and of the University of Paris.

It was therefore resolved to reduce it from the proportions of an affair of state to the level of a mere private action by persuading Joan's mother and brothers to appeal to the Pope for a reversal of the judgement. So it came to pass that in 1452 Guillaume d'Estouteville, Cardinal-Bishop of Digne and Legate for Pope Nicholas V. resumed the inquiry at the formal request of Isabel d'Arc. Along with Jean Bréhal, Inquisitor of France, the Cardinal held another inquiry at Rouen during the month of April, when the depositions of twenty-one witnesses were taken. Again, however, the case was allowed to lapse. But three years afterwards, in 1455, the year of the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses, Pope Calixtus III. yielding to the persistence of the d'Arc family, granted a rescript by which the Archbishop of Rheims and the Bishops of Paris and Coutances, associated with Bréhal, the Inquisitor, were authorized to proceed to a revision of the trial. The case was solemnly opened in Notre Dame, at Paris, on November 7th, when Joan's aged mother and brothers presented their petition for "the triumph of truth and

justice." Ten days later the Court undertook to hear the appeal against the Judge Cauchon, the Vice-Inquisitor Lemaître, and the Promoter Estivet. The evidence of the preceding inquiries having been impounded, the Promoter of the Revision, on December 20th, formulated the accusation, pointing out that the previous trial had been vitiated by the omission and alteration of evidence, the obvious prejudice of the judges, and the incompetence of the Court. These points were afterwards fully set forth in a document of 101 articles. The case was then adjourned in order that inquiries might be made into Joan's life and conduct and her military career.

Accordingly, commissioners were sent into the country to take the necessary depositions. At Domremy and Vaucouleurs thirty-four witnesses were heard, at Orleans forty-one, at Paris twenty, at Rouen nineteen, and at Lyons one, Jean d'Aulon, Joan's steward, the most devoted of her followers. Thus was gathered together a mass of evidence by which, as Mr. Douglas Murray says, "posterity has been allowed to see the whole life of the village Maiden of Domremy, as she was known to her first kinsfolk and her neighbours, and afterwards to warriors, nobles, and churchmen who followed her extraordinary career." The peasants whom she had loved and tended and with whom she had played in girlhood, the priests who had known her as she knelt before the altar and in the confessional, the women with whom she had lodged, the captains and soldiers with whom she had fought, the men who had witnessed her trial and been present at the last scene in the market-place at Rouen—all told one tale testifying to her goodness, her purity, her love for religion and the Church, her devoted patriotism, her sagacity in council, her courage, and marvellous knowledge of war. To these depositions were added eight memorials drawn up by learned men, and the whole case was then summed up for the guidance of the judges in the "Recollectio" of Jean Bréhal, the Inquisitor, upon which the final sentence

reversing the condemnation pronounced at Rouen was based.

The sentence of rehabilitation was pronounced by the Commissioners in the Archbishop's Palace at Rouen, on July 7th. It was a lengthy pronouncement, in which, after formulating the motives of their decision, the judges declared the twelve articles to be "falsely, calumniously, and deceitfully extracted, and contrary even to the confessions of the accused." They therefore annihilated and annulled them, and ordered them to be torn up. The processes and sentences, likewise, as being full of "cozenage, iniquity, inconsequences, and manifest errors, in fact as well as in law," were proclaimed "null, non-existent, without value or effect. Nevertheless," proceeded the judges, "in so far as is necessary, and as reason doth command us, we break them, annihilate them, annul them, and declare them void of effect; and we declare that Jeanne and her relatives, plaintiffs in the actual process, have not, on account of the said trial, contracted or incurred any mark or stigma of infamy; we declare them quit and purged of all the consequences of these same processes; we declare them, in so far as is necessary, entirely purged thereof by this present."

This sentence was proclaimed to the world immediately after it had been ratified, first of all, in the square of St. Ouen, after a procession of all the people thither, and the delivery of a sermon. On the following day it was still more solemnly promulgated in the old market-place where Joan had been done to death "by a cruel and horrible fire." Again there was a great procession and a sermon. By order of the Court, too, "a handsome cross for the perpetual memory of the deceased" was, as soon as possible, erected on the spot where the faggots had been piled. The sentence declaring her innocence was also proclaimed in several of the chief cities of France; and since that time, with but few interruptions, the citizens of Orleans have, year by year, kept a religious festival in honour of the Maid whom they love to think of and claim as their own.

Thus through four hundred years has the memory of her life and of what she did for France been kept green in the hearts of her countrymen. A whole literature sprang up around her name, some of it, unfortunately, to her defamation—notably, Voltaire's disgraceful attempt to blacken her fair fame, which Southey thanked God he had never committed the crime of reading. Our own Shakespeare, too, must bear a share of the blame that thus attaches to one of her own countrymen. But the truth of her life had been set forth so clearly and so strongly in the depositions of her trial and rehabilitation that its imperious force silenced all doubts and prevailed over all attacks. Englishmen grew ashamed of the injustice with which their forefathers had pursued her, and Frenchmen came to regard her as the personification of the purest patriotism and saintly living.

So it came to pass that on May 8, 1869, a petition for her canonization was presented to Pope Pius IX. by twelve Archbishops and Bishops of France. Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, was instructed to commence the preliminaries of the case in his Episcopal Court. His inquiry lasted from November 2, 1874, to January 28, 1876, and its results having been laid before the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Cardinal Bilio was appointed Proponent of the Cause. Between 1884, when, on Cardinal Bilio's death, our own Cardinal Howard was nominated as his successor, and 1885, a second inquiry was held at Orleans by Monseigneur Couillé, then Bishop of that city. After a third inquiry into certain miracles which had been vouchsafed through the intercession of the Maid had been completed and the whole case had been duly considered at Rome—a consideration which involved the examination of more than six hundred documents—the Sacred Congregation, on January 27, 1894, decided that, subject to the approval of the Sovereign Pontiff, the process of the beatification of the glorious Maid should be formally introduced. In the afternoon of the same day the Secretary of the Congregation,

Monsignor Nussi, waited upon Pope Leo XIII., who signed the Decree authorizing the cause to proceed.

Since that day the cause has gone forward, too slowly perhaps for modern patience and the ardent hopes of some, but still forward towards the conclusion for which, it may truthfully be said, the whole world looks in hope. In 1897 a great step was made by the completion of the process of the heroic character of her virtues at Orleans, the thoroughness of which may be judged when it is remembered that it occupied no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two sittings, at which fifty-seven witnesses were examined. Amongst these were the aged historian M. Wallon, the present father of the French Senate ; Père Ayroles, S.J., one of the more recent biographers of the Maid; and Father Francis Wyndham, of Bayswater, who has done much by a study of the original documents to set forth her true character in this country. A "Te Deum" was sung at the close of the last sitting, and in April, 1898, the inquiry into the validity of the Orleans process was opened at Rome. The second sitting was held on March 17, 1903, with Cardinal Ferrata as Proponent of the Cause, and Monsignor Lugari as Promoter of the Faith, or "devil's advocate." The third sitting was held in December of the same year, and resulted in a verdict that the Maid had practised the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, and the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance in an heroic degree. The formal Decree to this effect was solemnly read in the Consistorial Hall of the Vatican on January 6, 1904, in the presence of the Pope and the papal court. His Holiness afterwards declared that Joan was the glory not of France only but of the whole world.

The mills of God grind slowly, and in nothing is this more true than in connection with a cause of canonization, but there is now every reason to hope that the day is not far distant when Catholics will be able to hail the poor Maid of Orleans, raised to the altars of the Church, as blessed in heaven, and so to be blessed on earth.

Nor will Catholics be alone in their rejoicing that the crown of glory has been set upon the head of the simple Maid whose death was wrought, as Cardinal Manning proclaimed, in "sin and shame." When the Decree for the introduction of the cause was signed, the *Times*, looking forward to the decision allowing the full honours of sainthood to be paid to her, declared: "When that day comes, even those who deny or deride the claims of Rome to pronounce on such matters at all will allow that few more noble figures have ever been held up to the veneration of their fellows. In the whole history of the Middle Ages there is no story more simple and more splendid, no tragedy more mournful than that of the 'poor little shepherdess,' the *paupercula bergerata*, who by her passionate faith raised her country from the depths of degradation and dejection, to die the cruellest and most shameful of all deaths at the hands of her enemies. The elevation and the moral beauty of Joan's character have won the hearts of all men." That is finely said, nor is it a solitary saying. Writer after writer has given a similar verdict down to Mr. Douglas Murray, with whose testimony in the closing paragraph of his introduction to the documents of the trials we cannot better conclude this short sketch of Joan's career: "The Decree of Pope Calixtus has added a true romance to human story. In all that we know of the world's great ones we can find no parallel for the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps only in Catholic France was such a heroine possible. Certainly Teutonic Protestantism has as yet given to the world none of the exalted types of radiant and holy women such as those that illuminate Latin Christianity. Whether as a saint or a nation-maker, Jeanne's place in world-history is assured."

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